

Northern Messenger

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At the Pool of Siloam.

Just outside the city of Jerusalem, on the south-east side, is still seen the village of Siloam, inhabited by Moslems and Jews. Near the village is an old pool, which has always been renowned for the healing virtues of its waters.

About ten years ago the water ceased to flow into the pool, and so it has been dry and a disappointment to many ever since. The

wasting, no doubt, for the last ten years. They had the entrance to this old aqueduct stopped with stones, and then waited to see the result. The spring having risen, overflowed, and to the joy of the patient workers, they saw the cool, clear water flowing once again into the long dry pool.

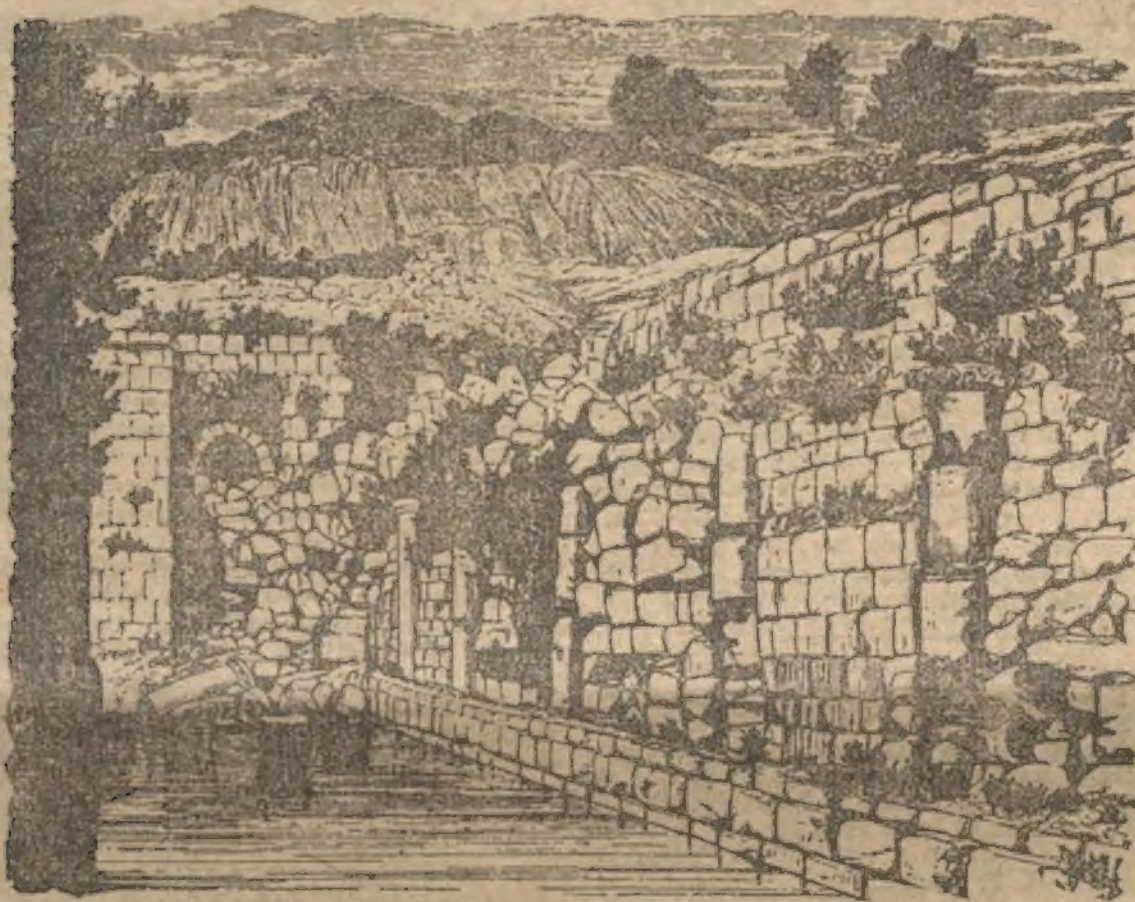
The spring rises and overflows four times a day. Early in the morning, as soon as the day breaks, large numbers of men gather, fill

numbers seventy-four, the rest mostly Catholics. Our mission has three more preaching stations in other parts of Vienna and one in Pressburg in Hungary on the Danube. How could I help thinking back to 1842 when, as a little boy, I was present at the last religious meeting my father held in his dwelling in Vienna. During the three years of our residence in Vienna he had held private meetings in our dwelling and had gathered a company of believers, a number of them Catholics. That evening the police broke up the meeting, took down the names of all the men present, conveyed to jail the unmarried men, seized my father's Bible, hymn-book and correspondence and forbade his holding any more meetings. After our departure for Constantinople the faithful attendants at my father's meetings were persecuted and scattered. Even as late as 1877 a Methodist missionary and his wife were fined because, seeing how eagerly tracts dropped from the window were picked up, she allowed some more to drop. About the same time I spoke in a Methodist Episcopal meeting in Vienna, at which we were not allowed to sing or pray. Now our missionaries are not disturbed and can hold services freely in their premises.

At the beginning of our missionary work in Prague we found that no Protestants were recognized as having any religious status or any rights except Lutherans and adherents of the Helvetic Reformed Church. We had no right to hold public divine services. As private individuals we could sell no Bibles and lend no tracts, only a bookseller could do that. As late as 1879 we were prohibited from holding private religious meetings. In neighboring villages Roman Catholic farmers, who had become interested in evangelical truth and met on Sunday morning to read the Bible and sing and pray together, were brutally scattered and punished by the police. Through the efforts of the Evangelical Alliance in 1879 we acquired the right to hold private religious meetings, but only with invited guests, and to hold public meetings (not recognized as church services) according to the provisions of the law regulating all public gatherings.

When I spent a Sabbath in Prague last August I found four Free churches, fruits of our mission work, occupying strategic points in different parts of the city. Three of them are housed in buildings owned by the Y. M. C. A., which is incorporated under Austrian law, and has the right to own property, publish papers and books and hold meetings. Thus though our Free churches cannot be incorporated and have no legal status or rights as churches, they really enjoy all the legal rights that the Y. M. C. A. possess. Indeed, in important respects they enjoy greater freedom than the Protestant Churches recognized by the state, since the latter are subject to the control of a consistory in Vienna, whose members are appointed by the Crown.

Sunday morning I preached in the centre of the old city to a now self-supporting church, which numbers 239 members, and whose pastor is the Rev. Alois Adloff. In the afternoon I spoke to a congregation of 150, half of them church members, in the Y. M. C. A. building in the new suburb, Vinohrady, where the church



THE POOL OF SILOAM, OUTSIDE JERUSALEM.

empty pool, some thirty feet long, fifteen feet wide, and twenty feet deep, was all that there was left to bear witness of the gospel story of the blind man who was sent here to wash, and by so doing received his sight. Jerusalem being recently hard up for water, it occurred to some of the men of Siloam to try and find out if the spring that used to supply the pool was dry. So they commenced to clear away the accumulated rubbish of generations, and after nearly a month found the spring.

Looking about, they discovered behind some fallen rocks an old waterway leading away underground into the valley of the Kedron, and into this they plainly saw that the beautiful, cool, clear water had run and had been

their skins, and take them up to the city for sale. All day long people go there and carry away water for their households and gardens.

The opinion of some is that the now closed aqueduct was made by King Hezekiah when he suppressed all the springs outside Jerusalem, at the time that Sennacherib, king of Assyria, came up against Jerusalem; and that the pool was repaired by Nehemiah, we read in Neh. iii, 15. So that this place has had a varied history, and now again thousands are being benefited by the waters from the Pool of Siloam. Once again it is a means of blessing and life to many, as it was to the blind man nearly two thousand years ago.—'Friendly Greetings.'

God's Marvellous Work in Austria.

(The Rev. H. A. Schauffler, D.D., in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World'.)

Last summer I revisited a part of the mission field in Austria which I explored for the American Board in 1872, when the Rev. Drs. E. A. Adams, A. W. Clark and I commenced the Austrian mission of our churches. The contrast between the small beginning, the painful limitations and severe persecution of those early days and the present large liberty, wide extension and abundant fruitage of the work was striking and delightful.

I first visited Vienna. When compelled by family reasons to leave Austria in 1881, we had no missionary work in Vienna. Now I found a flourishing mission to Bohemians, who abound in that great, beautiful and godless city. Sunday morning I preached to a small congregation in a hall and in the afternoon to 135 or 140 attentive hearers in the mission house. The beautiful house, containing a good sized hall with gallery, fitted up as a church, with apartments for the preacher's home, Christian Endeavor rooms and gymnasium, was built for the mission and is owned by a Scotch friend. Of the audience forty were members of our First Free Church which

numbers 146. In the evening I preached in the Zizkov suburb (named after John Zizka, the Cromwell of the Hussite wars) to over a hundred hearers, seventy of them Catholics. Their new church has twenty-seven members. Monday I visited the new Y. M. C. A. building in the Smichov suburb. These four churches have enrolled 554 members. I also visited the 'Domovina,' situated in the midst of an attractive garden. This refuge, the result of the efforts of our missionaries, is the only place in the city, and I believe in all Bohemia, where fallen girls are given a chance, under Christian influence, to return to a virtuous life. The police recognize its value and lend it their aid.

Prague is only the centre of our mission work in Austria, which numbers forty-four missionary stations, fourteen Y. M. C. Associations and eighteen churches, with a membership of 1,414. It is a wonder how our small missionary force, the Rev. Dr. A. W. Clark and the Rev. John S. Porter and their wives, have been able to accomplish so great a work. A considerable part of the time since Dr. E. A. Adams, now of our Chicago Bohemian Mission, and I were obliged to leave the field, Dr. Clark has been the only missionary in charge of the work. It is not strange that his health has suffered and that he needs rest.

The early experience of the American Board's mission to Austria and its present prosperity are aptly set forth in the words of the Psalmist: 'If it had not been the Lord who was on our side when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us.' Its history should greatly strengthen the faith of our churches in missionary work and stimulate them to prosecute it with a holy zeal.

They Sang a Hymn.

They sat within the 'upper room'
At evening dim.
He spoke of His impending doom;
And then, as fell the gathering gloom,
They sang a hymn.
I wish I could have heard that song;
'Twas sweet, I know;
For loving John would sing out strong,
And Peter's bass would roll along
So rich and low.
Voice after voice took up the strain
As it arose.
The sweetness of that grand refrain
Excluded thoughts of loss or pain,
And cruel foes.
But purer, sweeter than the rest,
His voice was heard,
And angels in the regions blest,
With hands on throbbing harp-strings
pressed,
Drank in each word.
Alone to grieve and suffer there,
Alone, but for the angel's care
Of the Father's Son.
—John L. Shroy, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

'As Dead as His Stick.'

At the close of one of Mr. Moody's meetings held in the large temporary building at Addison-road I, an accredited worker, wended my way into the 'Inquiry Room.' Already the room was full, and Christians were busy dealing with anxious souls—souls eager to be helped into the light and liberty of the Gospel. I glanced around to see if there was one without an attendant, and my eyes fell upon a young man seated not far from the doorway in which I stood.

Quietly I stepped up to him, and placed myself by his side, taking swift note of the fact that his whole appearance indicated him to be of the respectable, steady, and, as far as one could judge, moral living order. He seemed to be about five or six-and-twenty, and there was a seriousness on his face which betokened real earnestness. As I sat by his side I asked him, 'What is your difficulty?' 'Oh, ma'am,' was his immediate response, 'I have been trying so hard to be good, and the more I try the worse I get.'

This straightforward answer, with its revelation of effort, wrongly directed it is true, but honest, touched my heart and awakened a deep longing to be used to direct him into the way of salvation. One instant's swift

petition for help and wisdom, and the next my attention was attracted to a stout walking-stick which he was holding, and the clue was given me as to how to deal with him.

'Suppose, I said, that you should carefully plant and nurture that stick which you have in your hand, watering and watching over it with the greatest care—how long do you think that it would be before it would break forth into leaf, and bud and blossom?'

With a look of questioning surprise, he replied 'Never.'

'Why not?' I asked. 'Think, before you answer. Why would it not bear fruit or leaf according to its kind?'

'Because it is dead,' was, of course, his reply.

'Yes!' I returned, 'it is dead; and you are as dead as your stick; dead in trespasses and sin; yet you have been striving to bring forth the fruit of life. You need life, new life, and this you can only have by coming to Christ as a helpless lost sinner, and accepting eternal life as his gift.'

I had not time to add another word ere his whole face shone with a light which only those who have seen it can understand; to me it has always seemed like the glory sometimes seen on the face of a dying saint, and truly it is the glory of the other world shining on the soul passing from death unto life.

He burst out, 'Oh, I see, I see it; thank you, thank you.'

For a moment we both kept silence, our hearts filled with thanksgiving, and then it was an easy and delightful task to expound to him 'the way of God more perfectly.'

Then we parted to meet again no more; 'till we meet at Jesus' feet,' there to rejoice together and to praise him who loved us and gave himself for us. How strange it seems that we are so slow to learn, and even when learnt, at conversion, to retain practically the fact that this old nature cannot bring forth fruit unto God. How much failure we should be spared if we did but reckon ourselves dead—living only 'by faith in the Son of God who loved' us 'and gave himself for us.'—The 'Christian.'

Two things a genuine Christian never does, he never makes light of sin, and he never admits it to be invincible. In his inmost life he is at once anxious and hopeful; confident yet without presumption; alive to all that is at stake day by day, hour by hour; yet stayed upon the thought, nay, upon the felt presence of a Love which has not really left him to himself.—H. P. Liddon.

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

[For the 'Northern Messenger.'

The work carried on by this Society amongst the Famine orphans at Dhar, Central India, has been characterized by most encouraging progress during the last year. We have just heard from Dr. Mar. O'Hara, who after being on furlough in Canada, arrived in Dhar on the 22nd of December. The following is from her, but somewhat abridged.

'Two miles out from the city I was met by four of the V.T.O.S. boys; they ran beside the tonga (carriage) some distance, and then I persuaded the driver to take up the two smallest, and they sat beside me, and the other two came with my luggage which was following. I was dark when we arrived, but immediately I got in front of the Mission Compound a band began to play, accompanied by a display of fireworks (given by the Christian young men), the light from which revealed almost the whole Christian community of Dhar assembled, and a fine triumphal arch over the gateway. Not until the performance was over was I allowed to proceed to the house; salaaming and handshaking continued until it was reached, when the welcome of the Canadian friends was given, more quietly, but not less heartily. Without waiting to sit down, Mr. Russell and I proceeded to the Orphanage, followed by the band; a second triumphal arch was erected over the gateway with 'Welcome,' but the best of all was the warm greeting by the girls; they all looked so happy, healthy and well-behaved; the improvement in them during my absence is most marked. We all proceeded into the new school building, and there we united in

thanking God for His mercies to us since we last met.

Christmas morning was ushered in by the boys all coming to the house and singing Christmas carols; as soon as the voice of praise had died away from their lips it was taken up by the girls, and wafted across from the Orphanage to where we lay waiting for daylight. By eight o'clock we were all assembled in the church, where a hearty Christmas service was conducted. If you could only hear the singing of these children you would feel repaid for all you do on their behalf. After the service all the girls and boys and their guests their 'sisters and brothers' (former inmates of the Orphanage who have remained in the district) assembled at the Orphanage for dinner. A sumptuous repast was prepared, liberal portions were placed before each inmate and guest, and ample justice was done by all.

While the young people were finishing their dinner and exchanging confidences with their former comrades, the senior portion of our Christian community were taking tea in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Russell. When feasting in both places was ended, all assembled in the new school building, and the presents were given to the children; each girl got a beautiful red jacket, and either a work bag, doll, or toy, while each boy got a red waistcoat, and a pair of leggings. What rows of smiling, happy faces beamed upon us, and what grateful hearts followed Mr. Russell as he led us all in a prayer of thanksgiving for all God's goodness during the past year; and, as the closing hymn of praise ascended we felt that it was good to be in Dhar once more to take part in winning souls for our Master.

During the evening the boys were entertained riding in the 'Merry-go-round,' which holds sixteen at a time. The next day the girls had it to themselves, and a happy day it was. This amusement was provided out of the balance of the special fund you sent for the Christmas treat.

The children deeply appreciate all that is being done for them, and send loving greetings and many salaams to all their kind friends in Canada.

Dhar, Central India. Dec. 28, 1905.

Information about the work of this society can be obtained from the Sec-Treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

James M. Munro, Slate River Valley, Ont., \$2.00; M. J. H., Eversley, \$2.50; Mrs. G. F. Spencer, Hoard, Ont., \$3.00; Miss M. Davis, Hoard Station, Ont., 50c.; total, \$7.50.

The Postal Crusade.

In His Name	\$2.00
Mrs. Lawrence, Manamin.	1.00
Postmaster, Meyersburg, Ont.	1.00
Florence Smyth, Glenlea, Man.	1.00
Mrs. C. Walker, Farnington, N.S.	.14
Mrs. D. Taylor, Burntown, Ont.	5.00
Mrs. D. J. Meredith, Vernonville, Ont.	6.60
A Reader, Ingersoll, Ont.	5.00
A Reader of 'Messenger'	12.00

Total \$33.74

Jubilee Coupons Pouring in.

A large number of subscribers are taking advantage of the Special Jubilee year-end trial rate subscription coupon, which appears in each issue. This special trial rate coupon is, of course, only available to those who have never taken either the Daily or Weekly 'Witness,' or lived with those who have taken it. This special rate is simply made to introduce the paper into new homes. With the coupon referred to, and which will be found elsewhere in this issue, any of our readers who fulfil the conditions may have the 'Weekly Witness' and Canadian Homestead for the rest of this year for the trifling sum of fifty cents. The 'Weekly Witness' is a twenty-four page newspaper, containing over four times as much matter as the 'Northern Messenger.' It has departments of special interest and value to every member of the family—including a very interesting Department devoted to agriculture.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Mr. Llewellyn promptly called a halt. They were near a great stone church, and went up into the porch to be out of the way of the passers-by, while Rodney, with some hints from Rasmus, gave the main facts of the case.

"I see, I see," said the naturalist. "Dear, dear, this is a sad story. I know the paper that you should advertise in, and I'll write out an advertisement for you there. Have it put in coarse print in the editorial column, and ask other papers to copy. I have an address where my papers and letters always reach me, and we'll have news sent there, if you like. Don't be too down-hearted, man, you may find the child yet."

Rasmus shook his head hopelessly, he had been so often disappointed. When they left the printing-office he happened to see a large building not far off, and woke into animation. "See that place. There's a great hall there where they have lectures, and I went there to one two years ago—only one I ever was to. A man named Gough. He had white hair and beard. I was sort of hanging round the door looking at the folks go in, when a man takes me by the elbow any says, "Coming in, friend?" "What for is going on?" says I. "Temperance talk," says he, "by a man as knows both sides of it. Come in." "It will be werry good," I says, "I make no doubt. I've seen both sides, and I know which I tie to; but I s'pose it's pay, and I'm rayther short." "Come along in," says he, "I reckon my face is good for us both."

"So we walked in, and he give me a seat, and I vow if that very same man didn't go up before all the folks to give the lecture! The way he raged and tore round was just tremendous! Well, when he got done talkin', my, wasn't he done out, and every man there near out of his head with what he heard. You would have thought that one speaker was ten to hear him do all kinds of voices and manners. And at the end he said "whoever believed him, come sign the pledge." Well, I'd never signed no pledge. Cause why? I couldn't write; but I clean forgot that. I went up along with the rest. When it came my turn, "Here you are, my man," says he. So I says, "Guv'nor, you write it for me. It's Rasmus, and no more; but it is good for what I say. And he said a kind of a short blessin' to me, and he writ, "Rasmus," and there it stands in black and white."

This reminiscence served to beguile the passage through a long street. Then Rasmus fell back to his meditations, and Rodney and the naturalist moved on together.

"A fine, hearty chap," said the professor. "Something the captain said about tramps, and a kind of warning made me feel a little queer about him."

"I mean always to be a gentleman, and I was wondering if I ought to walk across the country with a man like that. I'm glad you're along, sir."

"He's not a man to hurt you. An ordinary tramp would be the last person for you to make a comrade of; and to take to tramping, the last thing you should do. But a walk over the country, with good reason and good company, is as healthful and improving an experience as can come in your way, if you make use of it by observing men and things. When I have seen families taken in the summer to a fashionable watering-place—the lads exposed to the temptations of hotels, and the lack of discipline in boarding-houses, the life of their summer vacation just as artificial and stimulating as the life of all the rest of the year—I have wonderd why, instead, the fathers, if the mothers cannot go also, do not take the children that are old enough, for a pedestrian tour. During the ten or eleven

months at home, they could read about minerals, flowers, birds, insects, and in the summer be prepared with keen eyes, and instructed and inspired brains, to note the wonderful things which God has made. In plain, strong clothes, with plain, wholesome food, days in the open air, health and happiness, and sound, innocent thought would be stored up. There would be less boys go to the bad, if that plan were followed. The summer resorts are often mere schools of mischief to lads, and lassies, too."

"I'm glad you think it's a good thing to do," said Rodney, "for indeed I like Rasmus; but there is no one to look after me but myself, and I'm bound to come to something, and I can't afford to begin any foolish thing."

Rasmus here overtook them. They had reached the limit of the side-walks, and come to the suburbs, where grass grew along the roads, dandelions starred the sod, and tiny chickweed flowers had come early into bloom. A little stream of clear water rippled down the wayside gutter, and on its edge, clinging near a stone, was the first blue violet. Rasmus greeted it with a shout.

"I don't know whether to pick it, or not," he said to the naturalist. "Do you suppose flowers like to live, and mind being torn off the stem, or carried away from the place where they grew?"

"At least, they were made to produce seed, and increase their kind, and if you leave that one there, next year three or four little plants may be there, blue as the sky, from the seed shed by this one. Many a heart has got a lift from seeing the first violet of spring—"

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Rasmus listened, entranced. "Did that come in a book?" he said. "What a thing learning is! It's twelve o'clock, pardners."

"How do you know?" demanded Rodney. "My watch says half-past."

"Then your watch is wrong," said Rasmus. "I know by the sun, and by that there dany-lion. He says twelve—he's my watch. I vow, I was so elevated to start off this morning, I never thought what we'd do for grub."

"I got some rolls, cheese, and an apple-pie from the steward," said Mr. Llewellyn, "and a little farther on, are some stones by the road, where there will be a warm, dry seat for us while we eat."

After the noon halt, they rambled on, and still departing from the smoky city, they found the roads wider, the houses smaller and more scattered, and all the fields in the waking beauty of spring. The air had the sharp, bitter-sweet scent exhaled by the rising sap, the sky was blue as the bloom of the myosotis; the twitter of birds and the shrill chirp of insects filled the air.

They were walking upon a smooth, wide road, from which turned, here and there, narrow lanes, to reach the farm-houses. A district school had closed, and the children were scattering homewards through the fields and by-paths. The eye of Rasmus traversed the scattered groups, and at last fixed on a child, plodding on more slowly than the rest. He quickened his own step, bent on overtaking the child. Rodney saw that this little pilgrim was a small boy, with long, light hair, a somewhat halting pace, and carrying his head in a way that suggested a deformity. The long, swinging step of Rasmus soon overtook this wanderer. "Wait a bit; stop you, my little chap!" he cried.

The little boy turned. A shadow fell over the face of his pursuer. This was not the face of Robin, photographed upon his inmost heart. But his voice still was kind, lowered from its hilarious shout. If the child was not Robin, it was still a fair-haired boy, with Robin's misfortune. "Where are you going, little chap?"

"Home—over to that red house."

"What ails your walking, my good little man?"

"Foot hurts," replied the child.

Rasmus lifted him upon the fence, carefully took off his shoe and stocking, and investigated. A tiny bit of gravel had worked again the small foot, causing it to swell and red-

den. Rasmus rubbed the foot, shook out the shoe and sock, put them on again, and said, "Now I'll set you on my shoulder and carry you home. I'll leave my bag here. You'll like to be carried."

He went off to the red house, carrying the child. When he returned Mr. Llewellyn and Rodney were standing by his bag. Rasmus looked shamefaced.

"I never can pass by a lad like that," he said, "and when I saw him ahead of me the old feeling would come back, though I've been disappointed enough to kill it dead. I thought it might be my own little Robin, but it wasn't."

"See here, Rasmus," said Rodney, "you are wrong to look for a little Robin. He will be eighteen years old by this time. Four years older than you were when you lost him; not a little child like that."

It was a terrible truth that Rasmus had never faced. He had always remembered Robin as only a little child.

"Time has moved on with him as with you," said the naturalist.

Rasmus gave a bitter cry. "Then we won't know each other!"

"I think you will when you meet," said Mr. Llewellyn. "Some way God will make you clear to each other. And he is safer perhaps as grown than as a child."

CHAPTER VI.

The Travellers Fight with Beasts.

"And twa of us will watch the road,
And other twa between will gang—
And I will go to jail-house door,
And hold the prisoner unthought lang."

"You can buy our supper," said Mr. Llewellyn to Rodney, "as I got the dinner. There comes a baker's cart."

"All right," replied Rodney; "but what shall I get?"

"A brown loaf."

"Wouldn't a white twist be nicer?"

"It would not be nearly so nourishing. The bolting and refining process which fine flour goes through, to give it its extreme whiteness, robs it of its most nutritious qualities. You will get more food by half for us three in the brown loaf, than in the white one. I often wonder at the way in which poor families, families whose living must be reduced to the minimum of expense, patronize the baker's cart. If they do not know how to make loaf-bread, or have no way of baking it, corn-meal mush, or pone, would give them five times the amount of nourishment."

"But," said Rasmus, "you'll find that most poor folks say they hate corn-meal, and won't eat it, and high-fliers must have their corn-bread for breakfast. Most poor folks take their corn in the shape of whiskey, when all the nourishment, as you call it, is out of it."

The cart came up, and Rodney bought a loaf for nine cents, which loaf Mr. Llewellyn divided into three pieces.

"We can't make a supper just on bread, can we?" said Rodney.

"We can get a drink at the next well," said the naturalist.

"But that won't help out much," said Rodney, who had been living royally on the boat, and whom Mr. Andrews had accustomed to a cooked supper.

"Now, I will tell you a good saying, which shall serve as a salad for your supper," said Mr. Llewellyn. "The wise man has always three cooks, who season his most simple dishes, sobriety, exercise, and contentment."

"Now," that I call good," said Rasmus, "but, at the same time, dad—I mean Professor—if we buy every meal, our money won't hold out. I've got seven dollars, and the boy has five, and they won't take us to New York, buying all our meals."

"And, if we don't buy what we have, how will we get it?" demanded Rodney.

"Why, pardner, ask for it. The folks along the road has a plenty. When we want a meal's victuals, all we have to do is ask for it, likewise a lodging."

"That would be begging!" cried Rodney indignantly.

"Brother, where's the harm?" said the ingenious Rasmus.

'Harm! I'll starve before I beg! I'm a gentleman,' said the angry Rodney, falling back on his usual plea.

They had seated themselves on a stone wall to eat the bread.

'Rodney,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'give him a more sensible answer.'

Thus driven to define himself, Rodney pulled his ideas together. 'It is not honest for a man who is well and strong and able to work, to try and live without working. You have no right to expect strangers to earn your bread for you. The Bible says, "If any man will not work, neither let him eat," and every man "must work, and eat with quietness his own bread," and all decent people look down on idleness and begging.'

'I'm sorry you look down on me that way, brother,' said Rasmus, much crestfallen, 'for I've never done much else. So I ain't company for you two, and I'd better leave, gentry.'

This was other than Rodney expected. He liked Rasmus.

'See here, Rasmus, there's no reason you should go on so, just because you began that way. You can work.'

'I don't think I like work,' said Rasmus.

'No one does out of the habit of it. We get to like it by practice. But now you'll most likely find your little brother by advertising, and how are you going to take care of him? You wouldn't take him up and down the country, asking for things?'

'No, I wouldn't,' said Rasmus. 'Do you think I'll find him? I'd turn to then, and work like a horse. It was along of him I stopped; from I was six years old I worked like a good fellow, till I ran away from the farmer. Ask that farmer if I didn't do fair by him. But going up and down the country, looking for Robin, I couldn't settle to anything. I didn't think it so bad to ask for what I wanted. I got used to it.'

'There is much to be said in behalf of Rasmus,' said Mr. Llewellyn. 'If I manage this trip, he will find things can be done in a different way, and by the time we get to New York he will be ready to settle down. You're young yet, Rasmus, and there is no reason why you should not yet have a happy life.'

'Mr. Andrews said no one had a happy life,' said Rodney.

'What makes a happy life?' asked Rasmus.

'A Russian nobleman has given five points as needful to a happy life,' said Mr. Llewellyn. 'I will give them to you, and see what you think of them. The first condition of happiness he gives, is, that we must live close to nature. That is, we must have freedom and enjoyment of the light, the sunshine, the fresh air. Then he says, the next condition of happiness is work. That no person is really happy who is doing nothing. A man should work, and love his work, to be happy; and I think he is right, for God meant us to work, and when we lead idle lives, our consciences must be unsatisfied, and if they are not reproaching us, at least they are not approving. The third condition which he gives for happiness is family life. He says man was made for family life; to have about him those he loves, and help them, and be helped by them. The fourth condition he makes is friendliness; that we should feel brotherly and kindly to every one. Not be cold and selfish, and stiff in our ways; but all be like brothers, and help each other. And lastly, he says we must have bodily health if we would be happy.'

'Well, I've got that—loads of it. Seems I lack only two things to be happy—work and family. If I get Robin, I'll set to and work, and then I'll have all.'

'All that the Russian mentions; but I should say there is another condition of happiness, greater than all these, and that we should have first of all; and that is God's love. I saw a poor, sick man in a Cincinnati hospital, shut out of every one of these five conditions; and yet he was very happy; he had great peace.'

'Now, dad—professor—you're gettin' way outside of my depth, entirely,' said Rasmus, getting down from the wall.

'About two miles from here,' said Mr. Llewellyn, 'is a place where I usually stay all night, the first day's walk from Pittsburg. An old man and his wife have a little old house, of three small rooms below, and one above. The upper one has four cot beds in it, and each bed is ten cents a night. The old folks make their living from an a-

ground. They are worth visiting, and you will see how they are happy.'

They moved along, Rodney lagging far behind the other two. He was sure he should never get to New York. His legs ached; his feet were sore; he was so tired he thought he should drop dead. Thinking over his miseries, and prognosticating worse, helped to pass the time, and before he expected it he saw before them the little, low house, ancient and red, a trumpet honeysuckle climbing over one side, a wisteria, just ready to bloom, on the other; and in the garden, very busy, an old man and an old woman, both seventy. They recognized Mr. Llewellyn as a friend. He told them his party had had supper, and would need only to refresh themselves with a wash at the pump behind the house.

'But the boy's feet are sore,' said Mr. Llewellyn; 'he is not used to the road, and if we have a basin of warm water handy, it might be a relief to him.'

Mr. Llewellyn then took a chair from the kitchen, placed it near the old man, who was thinning and setting lettuce plants, and sitting down, began to talk to him. Rasmus stretched himself at full length on a bench by the back door, and put his hands under his head; he was resting every inch of him. The old woman brought Rodney a wooden pail of warm water, and he put his swollen feet in it, as he sat on the kitchen doorstep. The old lady sat beside him, talking cheerfully.

The twilight deepened. The old man finished his planting; the old lady lit the lamp. The old man said:

'We'll have worship, so you can all get to bed.'

He took the Bible, read a chapter, and as all knelt, he prayed, praying for each one. Rasmus was amazed. He had never, to his knowledge, been prayed for before. An awe fell over his daring, careless spirit. What was this potent Presence, to which this old man talked in ordinary and earnest tone, as one confident of being heard? The little house seemed mysteriously full. He went to bed in silence.

In the morning they all had as much bread and milk as they could eat, and Rasmus paid a quarter for that.

'Let us have worship before you go,' said the old man.

It was daylight now, and Rasmus felt less alarmed; he looked round narrowly, to see if the little house were different from other houses, or the old man had anything supernatural about him.

After this little service was over, the party set out with a cheery 'Good-morning.' Rasmus felt as if he had been dismissed on his way by angels. If he had known anything of the little book with pictures in it, he would have said that he had tarried at the House Beautiful, been laid to sleep in a fair chamber, called Peace, and been sent forward on his way by the sisters, Prudence, Piety, and Charity. However, he knew nothing of these things, and he was greatly subdued and overawed, and it was two hours before he recovered his dash and elasticity. By that time, Rodney, who, at beginning his journey, had felt singularly stiff, and as if each of his legs was an unwieldy and jointless tower, began to get limber, and more cheerful. Getting relieved in mind and body, Rodney picked up interest in what was around him.

'What is this growing in the field?' he asked.

'Barley,' replied Rasmus; 'don't you know barley?'

'I thought it was some sort of grass,' said Rodney; 'how did it get to be so high so soon in the spring?'

'Cause it was sowed, and got started last fall,' said Rasmus; 'don't you know nothing?'

'I know about digging coal out of a bank, and about boiling salt, because they did those things where I lived.'

'It's nice-looking barley,' said Rasmus, gazing over the field, 'but what's the good of it? They'll turn it into beer, that's all.'

About three o'clock they came near a district school-house. On a hill above it was a large farm-house, and in the yard of the house a well. Beside the well, brandishing a club, stood a huge man, with heavy hair and beard, gray and unkempt. He wore a thick canvas garment, shaped like a carter's frock, to his ankles, and on his feet carpet shoes. He was roaring and threatening in an unearthly

manner, while down the hill from him fled, shrieking, two boys of twelve; the bucket which they had carried up the hill for water, fallen from their hands, was trundling down the ascent like a hoop. The noise had brought teacher and pupils to the school-house door. The teacher, wringing her hands, seemed in great agony, and the children were screaming, 'Ammi's out! Ammi will kill some one! Ammi's broke loose!'

'What's wrong?' demanded Rasmus, as the flying boys gained the school-house porch.

'Oh, he's out! My, he came near killing us. He'd brain us in a minute! He was hid all crouched behind the well, waiting, and just as soon as we got hold of the handle, he pounced out, and brought down his club, whack! most on my head. You'd better believe we run!'

'But the house—the house!' cried the teacher. 'What has he done at the house?'

'Dunno—they're yelling like mad, and shuffling it up.'

'I guess he's killed them,' said a ghoul-like girl, in a tone of deep conviction, and enjoyment of a horror.

'There's no one there,' said the teacher, turning with tears to the travellers; 'they're alone, the men are all away; can't you help, could you catch him?'

'We can do anything,' said Rasmus the bold, 'if you'll tell us what is wanted. Who is he?'

'He's my father' cried the poor teacher, a very pretty girl, in great distress, 'and he's crazy, and he's broken out of his cage. My mother and sisters are alone in the house. If he is not caught, he will kill some one.'

Rasmus took in the situation at once.

'He hides behind the well and jumps out, does he?'

'Yes.'

'Then all get inside here till he drops back again. Make your children still, missis, so we can plan a bit.'

The children became very quiet, and all eyes hung on Rasmus.

'Does that stone fence run pretty near up to the well?'

'Yes, and he hides between the fence and the well.'

'Now all of you keep quiet, and we'll capture him,' said Rasmus.

In the centre of the school-room hung the bell-rope. Rasmus climbed up and cut off nearly the whole length, and made a slip-noose, and waiting till the maniac was reported in hiding, so he could get over the wall unobserved, set a boy to watch at the window.

'Been crazy long?' he asked.

'Four years.'

'What made it?'

'Hard cider,' said the poor school-teacher. 'He was a hard-cider drunkard, and it has made him crazy. There were five brothers of them, and all have gone the same way. One cut his throat while drunk; one died of consumption brought on by drink; one is in an asylum; one is paralyzed; and my poor father is the fifth, as you see him. All big, strong men; all destroyed by cider.'

'He's hid!' cried the watcher at the window.

'Now, Rod,' said Rasmus, as if asking Rodney to do the easiest thing in the world, 'we'll catch this man. You give me four minutes by the school clock, then you go as calm as a cucumber, and pick up the pail, and start up the hill, whistling or singing to attract him. He'll out of his hiding to bellow at you, and dash his club about, and before he has a chance to brain you, I'll whirl the slip-knot over his shoulders, and have him pulled on his back, with his arms to his sides close. You draw him out and I'll catch him.'

(To be continued.)

Keep Still.

Many a man whose life has had in it a good deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson of 'keep still.' If the hard words hurt, it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all, it stops right there; if your tongue cannot be restrained, nobody knows what the result may be. You will find again and again that the way to keep out of trouble is to keep still.—'Argus.'

'Even in the Least.'

(Mrs. A. H. Bronson, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Mary Lee was sewing very busily, when a touch of the bell caused her to drop her work, as she stepped to the door to admit the caller. Her face brightened as she saw who it was, and a warm welcome took the place of the rather cool one she might have given to some one else.

'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Lewis,' she exclaimed, keeping hold of the hand which she clasped, until they had reached the easiest rocking chair, in the sunniest spot in the room, and her guest was comfortably seated in it. 'Now let me take your bonnet and cloak. Yes, I can take no denial, you must stop and have dinner with us,' and it was settled and then Mary returned to her work. 'You will excuse me keeping right on, won't you?' she said. 'I have such a lot of mending to do and so little time to do it in, and it is all needed right off. Let you help me? No indeed, it is a rest to look at some one who does not have to toil all day, and half the night, too,' she added, fretfully.

'Well, if you insist, oh, I see that you have your thimble on; there is a pair of stockings of John's; you might darn them, he'll need them, I dare say, as soon as he comes in, it is such a damp, foggy day. Oh, dear, this everlasting patching and making over is dull work, I tell you, auntie, but it is my lot, and I must not envy my more fortunate sisters, I suppose. Now tell me all the news from Clifton.'

'First, Mary,' said her old friend, 'I want to tell you of something you have made me think of. It was of a sermon which I heard last summer, when I was visiting my daughter in Illinois.'

'Why, Auntie Lewis, what can you mean; how could—' and then, she stopped in utter bewilderment.

'Well, you see, my dear, the sermon was on the life of Christ, the human side especially. The preacher spoke of his early life of toil, helping Joseph in the shop, and in all the work which falls to a carpenter to do, and then of a later time, when it would seem that Joseph, so much older than Mary, as is supposed, had either died, or outlived the period of active work, which must then have devolved chiefly upon Jesus the support of his mother, and as he was going on, something came into my own mind in a different way from which I had ever thought of it before. It was this: 'No man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment, for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse.' I could seem to see Jesus, a young man of perhaps twenty-five, sitting in the plain little living room where the family was assembled in the evening perhaps, the mother and sisters busily repairing the old clothes for the next day's wear, and one of the sisters exclaiming, 'What! this coat to be mended again so soon! Why it was only yesterday that I put a new piece into the rent you made, brother Jesus!' Jesus would glance up, with an absorbed look, from the scriptures he was studying, but before he could speak his mother interposed. 'Why, my child, no wonder it did not hold then, with all the reaching and stretching he had, why, see the new piece has just torn away from the old and the rent is made worse.' Then though he returned to his study and his thoughts, Jesus was mindful (it seemed to me) how his mother took the garment with her own hands and carefully inserted a patch, somewhat worn, but still firm enough to hold for some time. And so the incident though so trivial, made a deep impression on his mind, and served as an apt illustration, when he was preaching and working miracles, and 'about his Father's business.'

'It seemed to me, Mary, to add dignity and sweetness to this common round of work which so many of his fellowmen from that time to this have had to do, that he should have been interested in it and cared enough about it to make use of it as he did, and shows that he is not indifferent to this, or any kind of work, however humble, if done in the right spirit and in His name.'

Mary did not speak at once; she was thinking, and a few bright drops fell on the lit-

tle jacket she was patching. At last she looked up.

'Thank you, auntie,' she said, 'I am a grumbler, to be sure, and should be ashamed of it, when I have so many good things, just because I have sometimes to make over, instead of making up new garments. But this will help me, I know it will; you always do help me, Auntie Lewis, and you shall see. I am going to try to show that I am following Jesus' teachings, even in mending and patching. See! What a nice job I have made of Johnny's jacket, and now comes little Lizzie's dress. Perhaps I can make it look almost as good as new.'

Do Not Forget.

A little bit of Patience
Often makes the sunshine come;
A little bit of love
Makes a happy home;
A little bit of Hope
Makes a rainy day look gay;
A little bit of Charity
Makes glad a weary way.

—Waif.

Do Your Best.

A minister tells how, when a boy, he was a great whistler, and sometimes whistled in unusual and unseemly places. One day, not long since, says an exchange, he came out of a hotel whistling quite low. A little boy playing in the yard heard him, and said: 'Is that the best you can whistle?'

'No,' said the minister, 'can you beat it?' The boy said he could, and the minister said: 'Well, let's hear you.'

The little fellow began to whistle, and then insisted that the minister should try again. He did so, and the boy acknowledged that it was good whistling, and as he started away the little fellow said: 'Well, if you can whistle better, what were you whistling that way for?'

The world has plenty of poor, slipshod, third-class work done by people who could do better if they would.—'Ram's Horn.'

Cold Weather Boarders.

There is a suet bone attached to the trunk of an elm tree within full view of my window, that is the centre of interest these cold days of early spring. The bone was procured at the market, and was selected because of the amount of good, firm suet contained.

A stout cord was tied tightly around the bone, and through the knot thus made a nail was thrust, and the bone nailed to the trunk of the tree. This tree was selected because of the number of birds that every winter tap at its bark for food, especially in cold, snowy weather.

It is surprising to see how soon such a storehouse is discovered by the feathered tribe. It is also interesting to notice the regularity with which different birds visit it, when once located.

At seven o'clock, every morning since its discovery, a pair of downy woodpeckers come and drum at the bone until they have secured enough suet to stow away in the trunk of a nearby tree; for very little of their food is eaten on the spot, most of it being carried away for future use, just as we procure our food at the market, and take it home with us.

The pair never visit the bone together, but one patiently waits upon the limb above, until the other is satisfied. Usually it is the male with his brilliant red neck piece that gets the first delicious morsel, his mate all the while watching him with loving interest.

Later in the day, usually about nine or ten, a pair of white-breasted nuthatches goes through the same performance. These interesting little creatures often work diligently, storing away tiny pieces of suet all along the rail of a fence in the yard, hammering it in so loudly that the strokes of their bills are often heard through closed windows. They work in company, varying the monotony of their occupation by loud quacks, that, however unmusical they may sound amid a chorus of spring choristers, are decidedly agreeable when sweeter bird notes are hushed.

Walking along the street one cold, snowy afternoon, the merry, contented 'chick, chick,

chick-a-dee-dee, dee!' of a little chickadee rang out its jubilant acclaim. The sound seemed to come from the direction of the tree containing the suet dainties. As I hastened into the yard, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a little black cap bobbing restlessly about the bone, pausing every now and then to deliver an ecstatic outburst at the fortunate discovery.

Blue jays come and in a lordly manner proclaim their presence, but even their ill-nature fails to intimidate the little flock that daily hovers around that enchanted suet bone.

Large pieces of suet nailed to trunks of trees are alluring, but they are not so satisfactory as bones, for often a few taps from eager bills will dislodge part of the suet, and the rest soon falls, leaving only the nail for the next disappointed little investigator. The birds grow quite fearless after several visits, and will allow a familiarity that can be gained in no other way.

To a bird-lover there is no better way of insuring bird company during this inclement season than by having several of these alluring appendages attached to trees about the house.—'Presbyterian.'

Ye Also Helping.

Once a little stream was heard complaining. 'What is the use,' it said, 'of my flowing this short distance year in and year out? I'm not needed to water this little valley, for the rain falls in abundance and blesses the grass and the flowers. The trees sink their roots deep and lift their branches high, and the birds come and sing to them and nest in them and man rejoices in their shade. As for me, the thick growing underbrush and the low hanging branches of trees shut out my view. I flow over the rough stones and they hurt me. I'm tired and helpless and ready to die.' Just then a woodman came along. He cleared out the undergrowth and cut down the low hanging branches, and the little stream saw the mighty river flowing by, bearing proud vessels on its bosom. And ere it could recover from its amazement, the river cried: 'Ah, little stream, how happy you should be. For you are one of my many little friends that make it possible for me to carry commerce from port to port and bless the life of man.' Then the little stream returned to its task humbled and rejoiced—its life tributary to that greater life of which it formed a part.—H. K. Denlinger.

How to Become a Great Man

Let a man once get thoroughly wrought into and through his whole being the fact that this world is to be converted to Jesus Christ and that his own business here is to work in-to line with God's enterprise in this thing, and he cannot help realizing in his own person the Christian theory of living. He will meditate on it, he will study it, he will inform himself about it, he will talk of it, he will work for it, he will dream of it, he will give his money to it, if need be he will suffer for it and die for it. Such a life of active, thoughtful sympathy with Christ will make a man of anybody. No matter who or what he is, no matter how poor, how ignorant, how small in the world's esteem, such a life will make him a great man. Angels will respect him. God will own him.—Prof. Austin Phelps, D.D.

The Helpfulness of Public Worship.

(The Rev. W. J. Dawson, in the 'N. C. Advocate.')

I have had manifold opportunities of studying the life of young men, especially in great cities; and of all the conclusions graven most deeply on my mind I think the deepest is this: The beginning of ruin is the loss of devoutness.

I am not now speaking of reverence of tongue or thought only. I am speaking of something far more spiritual—the departure from the heart of that gracious habit of spiritual thought which we call devoutness; and my experience goes to prove that devoutness of temper cannot be maintained without those means of grace which the church provides. I know in my own heart how soon the spirit of devoutness fades when from any

cause I am deprived of public worship for any length of time, and when I see a youth, to whom religious worship has been the atmosphere of his childhood, gradually withdrawing himself from the means of grace, I tremble for him, because I have seen what it means.

I have seen the light of inspiration dying out of young eyes as the sunshine dies from a cloud, leaving only gloom. I have watched character and all the finer part of a man deteriorate. I can think of men whom I loved, who once came with me to the house of God to keep the holy day, and who now lead wretched and degraded lives, and all their misery began when they forsook the tabernacles of their God.

How to Make Time Fly.

Bertie was very cross and miserable because he had to do his lesson. He had thrown his books pettishly on the table and had ruffled his hair in a fit of temper, and had stamped upon the floor and had done other foolish things, and now he was standing at the window looking out moodily upon the lawn. How slowly the time went by! Tick, tick, tick! What a slow, stupid old clock it was. Why did it not go faster? It seemed ages since ten o'clock, and yet it was only eleven now! Another hour and a half before lunch.

His father entered the room and looked at him sadly. 'Tired of doing nothing, Bertie?' said he. 'Come out on the lawn with me, and I will show you something.'

They walked out together, and Bertie's father showed him the birds darting hither and thither, the sparrows and starlings in the eaves, and the rooks high up in the great trees, and the robins among the hedges. Then he asked Bertie to listen to Tom, the stable boy, whistling and singing merrily as he went about his work.

'Do you know why they are so happy, Bertie?' he asked.

Bertie shook his head.

'It is because they are busy doing something. The birds are building their nests. Tom is doing his duty in the stable. It is God's law that we cannot be happy unless we are at honest work. Now try it for one hour, and see how the time slips by.'

Bertie's face brightened. He felt interested to see how the experiment would succeed. He went in and set himself to learn the second and third declensions in Latin, walking to and fro as he did so. By the time he had accomplished his task he looked up, expecting to see that half the time had gone. He could hardly believe his eyes. The hand of the clock pointed to half-past twelve! He had been so busy that he had not even heard it strike the hour.—'Sunday School Advocate.'

A Boy's Religion.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he cannot lead a prayer meeting or be a church officer or a preacher, he can be a godly boy in a boy's way, and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, climb and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought not to use tobacco in any form, and should have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful and generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against larger ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution or deceit. And, above all things, he ought now and then to show his colors. He should not always be interrupting a game to say that he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refused to do something because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for things of God he feels the deepest reverence.—Selected.

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Rules for a Happy Life.

(By John Stuart Blackie.)

Would'st thou be a happy liver,
Happy and studious to enhance
The glory of the great Life-giver?
Launch not thy boat to drift at chance
Where strong floods roll and wild waves
dance

On life's broad rushing river.
Live as a man, and count it treason
To man to live divorced from reason;
Prove your ground and know your game,
And ply your task with stout endeavor,
Not counting praise, nor fearing blame.
Know your own worth, and know not less
Your neighbor's weight and worthiness;
And, where he works well let him do
The work that might be spoiled by you.
Make a good friend whenever you can;
Not wise is he who hath no eyes
To know how fools may keep the wise.

With loving deeds bind man to man,
But never shrink with blinking eye
From what they only learn who try;
And, though you stand alone, in sight
Of God, be bold to hold the right.
March bravely on, and if you stumble,
Never groan and never grumble;
Rise again with wise forgetting;
Wounds were never solved by fretting.
Watch your chance and know your hour,
And let the moment feel your power;
Shape your path, and keep your rules,
With deaf ear turned to meddling fools.
'Tis dull to wait, and hard to stand,
But God's time comes with high command
That claims the service of your hand.
Let the wise farmer teach you knowledge,
Oft sought in vain at school and college;
Split the rock and turn the sod,
With busy hand cast honest seed;
Stoutly uproot each harmful weed,
And let the season wait on God.

The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others rather than for himself.—Sir Walter Scott.

In an Oakum Wash.

(Albert W. Tolman, in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

(Continued)

There was a sudden burst of sound just outside the door—a hoarse, angry chirping, and a pair of English sparrows flashed into the mill like two grey-feathered comets, lit on that beam right over my head, and began the liveliest kind of a discussion not more than two feet from my ears.

Their chatter broke so suddenly and unexpectedly on the stillness of the mill that it startled me, and I turned my head to look at them. I caught a glimpse of their little, gray, puffy bodies as, with feathers on end and wings trailing, they faced each other on the beam; then my foot slid off the slippery edge of the trap, and I fell on my back into the wash.

The paddle-wheel was making seventy revolutions a minute at the time I fell in, and it was sending the current rushing through the canal at the rate of several miles an hour. The stream was thirty inches deep, and you can imagine the force.

In an instant it swept me from beneath the opening. I threw my hands up and back, and just caught the slippery edge of the trap with the tips of my fingers.

If you will look in you will see that the wash is about forty inches wide. It is just three feet deep, so that when it has thirty inches of water flowing through it there is an open space of half a foot between its top and the surface of the current.

This space, scanty though it was, and filled with choking vapor, was the thing that in the end saved my life, for it allowed me to keep my face a little above the tarry flood and to get an occasional breath of vitiated air. There I lay, stretched at full length on my back in that rushing mill-race, my arms extended behind me, staring upward at the black under surface of the platform.

If I let go I should be swept along a few feet, caught beneath the paddles of the wheel, and drowned in that awful fluid.

I was fully alive to the danger of the situation. Although I had worked about the wash for years, and although the possibility of falling into it had appeared so remote that I had never entertained it seriously, I had always realized how strong the current was, and exercised a due amount of caution.

Even now, deadly as I knew my peril was if my fingers should chance to slip, I thought that it would be a comparatively easy matter to pull myself back to the trap and get out. The water which was flowing against my head and neck was heated to one hundred and fifty degrees, and this fact was an added incentive for me to extricate myself as soon as I possibly could do so.

I contracted my muscles, and with a strong and resolute pull brought my face back under the trap. Then for the first time I appreciated with what tremendous swiftness the current was running in the canal, and what it meant for me, to pull my body against it by sheer strength of arm.

The first thing outside that my vapor-blinded eyes could distinguish with any certainty was the beam overhead, with the two sparrows wrangling upon it as vigorously and unmelodiously as ever.

Holding firmly with my left hand, I let go with my right and made a quick clutch at the outer edge of the trap.

The swift rush of the current swept my body back a little, just enough so that I missed my aim, and simply brushed the wood with my finger tips; at the same time my left hand slipped from its hold, and for one fearful moment I was shooting back into the terrible steamy blackness of the sluice, with both hands grasping wildly at the empty air.

Then my right palm struck the edge of the trap once more, and an instant later my left also regained its hold. Again I was lying in my former position, with arms extended behind me, and only my face above the surface, almost paralysed with terror at the narrowness of my escape.

For a brief space I made no further effort; but I soon saw that if I desired to get out at all, I must do so before my strength became exhausted by holding on.

The current ran strongly against the back of my head and shoulders, and my muscles were growing flabby and powerless from immersion in the hot water. Besides, no man could long breathe that steamy odor and retain his consciousness.

Once more, slowly, cautiously, painfully, I pulled myself toward the opening. Inch by inch I gained upon it, but before I could reach it again my strength failed, and the current swept me back. I made no less than three such attempts, but all proved futile; and each left me with less power than before to resist the ceaseless sweep of the water.

At first it had cost no great effort to retain my grasp and keep myself from being washed away; but now it was getting to be quite a different matter. My fingers were growing cramped and stiff, and the strength was leaving them.

There was no brace against which I could push my feet and thus assist my arms. The inside of the sluice was worn perfectly smooth by the long-continued rush of the water through it. I no longer thought of getting out unaided. My only hope was to hold on until some one should come to my rescue.

(To be continued.)

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DAUSTER'S LONG PRIMER BIBLE—A handsome Bible, gilt edges, with the addition of 301 pages, containing the following valuable Bible helps, Concordance, Alphabetical Index, Maps, and illustrations, with other aids to Bible study. Given to 'Messenger' subscribers for thirteen new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30 cents each or ten new subscriptions at 40 cents each.

LITTLE FOLKS

Forget Not.

Dear Jesus, now, I kneel to pray
That Thou wilt bless me through
to-day;
From naughty thoughts I would be
free,
And not forget Thy love for me.

Dear Jesus, I, for strength would
pray,
That naughty words I may not say.
For gentle ones I'd softly speak,
And not forget the Saviour meek;

Dear Jesus, give the help I need
When Satan tempts to naughty
deed;
A little soldier I would be,
And not forget to fight for Thee.
—'C. Intelligencer.'

Annie's Discovery.

'Esther Long is just the luckiest girl I know. She gets everything she wants, has dolls, toys, and lovely clothes, and now she has a fine new dolls' house. I never seem to have anything.'

Annie's face was wrinkled all up in a frown.

'Annie, are you nearly ready?' called mother. 'It's almost school time and you will be late. I see Esther has driven past.'

'That's it,' grumbled Annie, 'Esther drives to school, and I have to walk. 'Tisn't fair one bit.'

Annie was all out of breath from running, when she reached school, almost late; and more than one person stopped to look after her rosy face and brown curls, as she ran.

'Let's make a snow man,' suggested one of the girls, after school.

Annie was busy with the rest rolling up huge snowballs and patting the snowman into shape, when a gentle little voice asked, 'Won't you drive home with me?' and turning, Annie saw Esther, who had been standing apart, watching the fun.

'O, may I? Won't that be jolly! But why don't you help us make Mr. Snowman?' she asked in surprise.

Esther's serious little face flushed. 'I mustn't,' she said. 'The doctor says I am not to play in the snow.

O, I wish I could run and play like you.'

'Like me! Why, of course I can run and play in the snow as much as I like—but you have everything you want, and surely you must be happy.'

Just then the pretty cutter came along, and the coachman tucked the two happy children in.

'O, isn't it great?' exclaimed Annie as the pony dashed off.

'Yes, it's nice, but one gets tired driving all the time, and it's no fun playing alone. Won't you come some day and see my dolls' house?'

'I'd love to,' answered Annie, eagerly, as she was put down at her own gate.

She went into the house thinking of how many hard things poor delicate little Esther Long had to bear that she knew nothing about. 'I never thought anyone would ever envy me,' she said to herself. —Mary I. Houston, in 'S.S. Messenger.'

Wit and Grit Outdo the Tiger

Wild animals and game of all sorts abound in China. The people, even in the densely populated regions, seem unable to exterminate them. Tigers are found in many parts of China and annually cause great loss of life. They prowl about at night and not only carry off calves and pigs and fowls, but also attack children and even grown people. A few years ago, in the northern part of Canton province, as a little boy about eight or nine years old was quietly walking along a path in the woods, a tiger sprang upon him, knocked him down, and, seizing him as a cat does a mouse, trotted off with him. The little boy's feet dangled down on one side of the path and his head and hands on the other. He felt the grass and leaves brushing upon his hands, and presently his fingers were dragging along upon the sand and gravel. He had sense enough and strength enough to snatch up a handful of grit and sand and rub it into the tiger's eyes. The tiger at once dropped the boy on the ground and began rubbing his eyes with his paws. After he had rubbed them a long time he seemed to feel

better, and seizing the child again, he trotted along with him as at first. The little boy soon found his hands dragging along on the sand again, and he scooped up a handful of grit bigger than ever and again rubbed it with all his might into both the eyes of the tiger. He rubbed so hard and so well that he filled the tiger's eyes full of sand, and the pain became unbearable. So the tiger dropped the gritty little boy in the path, and ran away and left him. He was severely wounded by the great sharp teeth of the tiger, and was unable to walk. He lay upon the ground a few hours, and was found at last by his parents, who took him to the Mission Hospital. The medical missionary, a good, kind man, and very skillful, cured the little boy whose wit and grit outdid the tiger. —Selected.

A Song of Snow-Time.

Sing a song of snow-time, now, it's
passing by,
Million little fleecy flakes falling
from the sky.
When the ground is covered and
the hedge, and trees,
There will be a gay time for the
chickadees.

Boys are in the school-house, draw-
ing on their slates
Pictures of the coasting-place; think-
ing of their skates;
Girls are nodding knowingly,
smilingly about,
Thinking of a good time when the
school is out.

Three o'clock! Four o'clock! —
bang! goes the bell!
Get your hats, coats, and wraps,
hurry off pell-mell;
Bring along the coasters, all who
want some fun,
Up to the hill-top, jump, and slide,
and run.

Steady now! Ready now! Each in
his place,
Here we go, there we go, all in the
race!
Sing a song of snow-time, when the
soft flakes fall,
Coasting time, skating time, best
time of all.
—Selected.

Kindness In Little Things.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time. In the nursery, in the playground, and in the school—persisting will chafe and fret others; to take an ill word or a cross look rather than resent or return it—these are the ways in which clouds



ASK MOTHER WHAT THE BIBLE SAYS ABOUT FOXES?

room, there are many opportunities for little acts of kindness, that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something where giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield, when

and storms are kept off, and a pleasant, smiling sunshine secured. A word of kindness is a seed, which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.—'Sunday Reading.'

Violet's Tooth.

Violet was getting ready for school with tears in her eyes and distress in her heart. The family all looked troubled, too. And the cause of it was Violet's tooth—a tiny tooth so loose that it was held in place only by a wee thread, but she could not get up the courage to have it taken out.

Papa and mamma had tried to buy the privilege of taking it out, they had offered a new doll carriage and countless other things dear to Violet's heart, but she could not bear to even open her mouth.

So she started off for school, a forlorn little figure with her burden of sorrow, so small to grown-up folks, but so real and heavy to little ones.

'Miss Carey will be sorry for me,' thought poor Violet. 'I'll tell her first as soon as I get to school.'

Now Miss Carey was the nicest kind of a teacher. Sometimes she could find a way out of troubles when even mothers had given up.

It was a very sad, tear-stained

little face that Violet lifted to Miss Carey. 'Oh, teacher, I've got a loose tooth,' she said.

'Let me see it, dear,' she said, taking Violet on her knee. 'Why, Violet, it's the cutest little tooth! And you haven't seen it! Wait just a minute, and I'll get it for you.' And in an instant Miss Carey was holding it up in her fingers.

'Isn't it cunning?' went on the teacher, opening her desk. 'I'll wrap it up in this silver paper, and after it teaches us a lesson this morning you shall take it home in this little round box.'

How interesting it seemed! Violet felt quite grand that her tooth was so important.

After school began Miss Carey held up the tiny tooth and told a funny story of the little white workers who live in a red prison, and how they want to get out and make room for bigger ones.

At noon Violet hurried home with her little box, eager to tell how her tooth had 'helped teach school.'

'Why, were you brave enough

to let Miss Carey pull it out, when you didn't want me to touch it?' asked mamma.

Violet looked puzzled.

'Why, she did pull it out, didn't she?' she said, slowly. 'I never thought of that. Miss Carey said it was so cute, she would get it for me to see, and I never thought that it was really out till now. Oh, how glad I am!'—Nellie R. Carroll, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Fingers and Toes As Talents.

My Uncle William, who had come home from India when I was about six years old, had been very kind to me while he stayed with my father, because he saw that I was a very lonely little child in a very big, empty house; for I had neither mother, brother, nor sister. So he would often take me on his knee and tell me Bible stories.

One day, when we were sitting together in an old summer house in the very small back garden which town houses generally have, he told me the parable of the 'talents.'

'Nannie,' he said, 'I am going away very soon, and I want you to promise me that every night before you get into bed you will "take account of your servants."'

'There are many "talents" God has given to other children, and not to you, for you are a lonely little girl—no mother to love you, no brothers or sisters to play with you; but there are many "talents" you have which some children have not.

'See here,' he said, taking my little hand in his, 'here are ten little fingers, and down there inside your shoes are ten little toes; and inside that mouth is a little tongue; and at each side of this neat, brown head is an ear; and looking straight up at me are two brown eyes. Now these are all your servants or "talents" given to you by God to use.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

Broad View Farm, P. C.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much, and besides reading short stories, I have read quite a few books, and some of the most interesting ones were, 'The Lamplighter,' 'Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking on,' 'The Flag of Truce,' 'Willow Brook,' 'Daisy,' 'Jeck and his Friend,' and four or five of the Elsie books. I go to school, and I like it very well. I am in the senior third class.

EFFIE M. N. (age 12).

M., Que.

Dear Editor,—I have just joined the St. Giles S. S., and I am getting the 'Messenger,' which I have not been accustomed to get, and I must say I am very interested in it. The stories are interesting, it tells you where to find your Sunday school lesson, it warns you against evils, and it is very interesting in dif-

who gave the problem, to give the correct answer.

My answer to problem in Bible arithmetic—Sons of Jacob 12 (Gen. 29 and 30) multiply by (number of times Jericho compassed on seventh day), 7 (Jos. vi., 4) equals 84, plus (number of measures of barley) 6 (Ruth iii., 15), equals 90, divide by (Haman's sons) 10, (Esther ix., 10), equals 9, minus (number of unclean beasts) 2, (Gen. vii., 2), equals 7, multiply by (the number of men who went to seek Elijah) 50 (II. Kings ii., 17), equals 350, minus (Joseph's age) 30 (Gen. xli., 46), equals 320, divide by (number of stones David took) 5, (I. Sam. xvii., 40) equals 64 minus (furlongs from Bethany to Jerusalem) 15 (John xi., 18) equals 49, multiply by (number of anchors) 4 (Acts xxvii., 29), equals 196, minus (people saved in the ark) 8 (Gen. vii., 13) equals 188, the number in the Sabbath school.

FRANCES SMITH (age 13).

L.

Dear Editor,—I like the boys' and girls'

would write again. Well, I must say the 'Messenger' is a splendid paper, and the first page I turn to is the Correspondence, which I always find very interesting, and I think it is so nice to hear from the different parts of the world.

We do not live in the village, but we live two miles from it, in a fine view of the lake. But it is rather unbandy with our schooling, but my sister and I stayed down at our grandfather's (who lives near the school) in the winter, and walked from home in the summer. I have a little sister who is going to start this summer, but there is a nice teacher there, and all the scholars seemed pleased with her as soon as they got acquainted. Our school gets good luck in getting lady teachers. Our Reading Circle is onward again, we have some new members this year, and we, as usual, have a good time. We are having a great winter here. It is nearly into February, and we had sleighing three or four days, and now hardly a speck of snow can be seen, and they say some have been ploughing, so that it is great weather for winter. I saw a conundrum in last week's paper, which is this: 'If butter is twenty-six cents a pound, how much can I get for a cent and a quarter?' Answer—One pound.

VERA M. SLEMON.

Keep Thy Conscience.

Believe not those who say
The upward path is smooth;
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way,
And faint before the truth.

To labor and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above
And keep thy conscience pure—

Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight.
What matters who should whisper blame
Or who should scorn or slight.

If but thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of His love,
The earnest of His rest?

—Anne Brontë.

Finder's Reward.

The following unique notice was fixed to a church door recently in England:

Missing.—Last Sunday, some families from church.

Stolen.—Several hours from the Lord's day, by a number of people of different ages, dressed in their Sunday clothes.

Strayed.—Half a score of lambs, believed to have gone in the direction of 'No Sunday School.'

Misplaced.—A quantity of silver and copper coins on the counter of a public house, the owner being in a state of great excitement at the time.

Wanted.—Several young people. When last seen were walking in pairs up Sabbath-breakers Lane, which leads to the city of No Good.

Lost.—A lad, carefully reared; not long from home, and for a time very promising. Supposed to have gone with one or two older companions to Prodigal Town, Husk Lane.

Any person assisting in the recovery of the above shall in no wise lose his reward.—'Western Christian Advocate.'

The Cure for Sulks.

Sulking is not a necessary part of any man's life. Men can live, and men have lived, in absolute victory over this particular sin. To sulk is to show that we feel personally aggrieved, and to show it by a sullen, unloving manner. It is just an ugly, sinful, obtruding of SELF. We are sure to have our feelings hurt constantly in this world, and often by those whom we love, and who love us. But we do not need to show that our feelings are hurt. If love is really in control of our lives, we shall not display hurt feelings. Imagine Paul, or Moody or H. Clay Trumbull, in a fit of sulks! Love ruled those men, and love and sulks cannot live together.—'Sunday School Times.'



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Ducks.' Martha Sinclair (13), F. K., Me.
2. 'Dog and Hen.' Ernie Sheldrick Grant, L., Alta.
3. 'Farm yard.' Fred R. Huntley, K., N.S.
4. 'Her large family.' Lily Pringle (8), D., Ont.
5. 'Squirrel.' Annie C. Chamussy (7), C.P., Ont.
6. 'My pet hen, Topsy.' H. E. H., C., Ont.
7. 'At play.' Katherine F. Dow (8), M., N.S.

- 8 and 9. 'Dorothy and Elsie.' E. Alice McGibbon (12), D., Que.
10. 'Buster Brown.' Vivian G'ill (address not given).
11. 'The nursery steed.' Marjory Armour, A.M., Ont.
12. 'Locomotive.' Harry Huntley (13), K., N.S.
13. 'Strawberry plant.' Elizabeth May McNair, R.L.R., N.B.
14. 'The little washerwoman.' Ruth Henry, S., Ont.

ferent ways. As I was looking through it I came across some letters, and I noticed there was a puzzle to be found, and I think I know it.

It is, 'If butter is twenty-six cents a pound, how much can I get for one cent and a quarter?' Ans.—You can get one pound.

MYRTLE HOPPER.

E., N.B.

Dear Editor,—Seeing the Bible arithmetic question which appeared in the 'Northern Messenger' some months ago, I thought I would try to answer it.

The question was: A teacher being asked how many scholars were in his Sabbath school, replied: If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times the Israelites compassed Jericho on the seventh day, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth; divide this by the number of Haman's sons; subtract the number of unclean beasts that went into the Ark, multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to Heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh; divide by the number of stones David selected to kill Goliath; subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem; multiply by the number of anchors cast out at the time of Paul's shipwreck; and subtract the number of people saved in the Ark, the remainder will be the number of scholars in the school.

I worked it out some time ago, but did not send it.

I saw R. A. E.'s answer in the Jan. 26th paper, and as it was different from mine, I send mine, and would like the correspondent

page very much. I am living in the country and working on a farm, but my home is in Montreal. I will be 13 years old in April. I saw some riddles in the 'Messenger.' If butter is twenty-six cents a pound, how much will I get for a cent and a quarter. Ans: A pound. If there are two pigs in front of a pig, two pigs behind a pig, a pig between two pigs, how many pigs are there. Ans: Three pigs. What grows with the root upward? Answer: An icicle.

J. J. S.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday school, and like it very much. I saw in Rose J. Rose's letter last week she wanted to know where schoolmaster was mentioned in the Bible. I think it is in Galatians, third chapter, twenty-fourth and fifth verses. I will send a question also. How many words are there in the Bible?

Z. L. FOSTER.

P., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live near Le Tang river, where we can get clams, scallops, and lobsters and other kinds of fish. I am eight years old the first of March. I love to read the little folks' and the correspondence page. I am in the second reader, and never went to school. I have a dog. He will be fourteen years old in March, his name is Nero. I have two cats, their names are Topsy and Jimmy. Jimmy got in a trap and lost his fore paw. My grandpa is a captain and goes coasting.

ELSIE TRYNNAR.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I was fortunate enough to get my first letter in print, I thought I



LESSON IX.—MARCH 4, 1906.

Jesus Tells Who Are Blessed.

Matthew i., 16.

Golden Text.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.—Matt. v., 8.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 26.—Matt. v., 1-16.
 Tuesday, Feb. 27.—Matt. v., 17-26.
 Wednesday, Feb. 28.—Ps. i.
 Thursday, Mar. 1.—Ps. cxli.
 Friday, Mar. 2.—Ps. lxxxiv.
 Saturday, Mar. 3.—Ps. cxxviii.
 Sunday, Mar. 4.—Luke vi., 20-26.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

All curious speculation as to the precise spot where this sermon was preached and as to whether there were two sermons or only one on the occasion, and as to whether it was strictly original or not, and other mere matters of verbiage, fall short and are unworthy. The Sermon on the Mount is the most potent composition in written speech. The original assembly to which it was addressed dissolved, but in each successive generation a new and ever-increasing throng comes to the feet of the Teacher of Men. As from the sounding-board of the open heavens the old sermon has struck the ear of each new congregation. Jesus stands yet the unchallenged, original teacher of the human race—speaking with authority to the universal human heart, illuminating, warming and empowering it. He is not the institutor of a system of doctrine, nor the formulator of a ritual. He comes to inspire a life in the soul; to set up a kingdom within, which consists not in the externalism and triviality of sacrifice and oblation, but in that indispensable righteousness whose concomitants are peace and joy. . . . The Sermon on the Mount is an inaugural. As such it takes on a dignity and importance all its own. The fundamental principles of the kingdom of God are here irradiated, the character and conduct of its subjects prescribed. Jesus' ideal was the exact reverse of that popularly entertained. The people wanted an objective kingdom. He showed them only a subjective one. They wanted one of brute force. He unveiled one of meekness—unarmed with carnal weapons. In His brave enunciation of a superlatively unpopular ideal, He was carrying to its final conclusion His victory over the temptor who had shown Him the short cut to power by accommodating Himself to the popular notion of a kingdom. . . . The exordium of such an address is of special importance. It is significant that its first word is 'blessed.' In the inveterate, awful din of ceaseless cursing and maledictions, 'blessed' sounds like the high grace note of an anthem of angels. Jesus does not proceed to describe various classes who are blessed, but rather to tell of a blessed subjective condition of the human soul which expresses itself on occasion in manifold ways. . . . In two little, homely monosyllabic words Jesus describes the effect upon the social world of the multiplication of the subjects of His kingdom—Salt and Light! The influence of Christians is saline and illuminative. And this is the chief means of revealing and relating the divine to the human race. The true children of the Heavenly Father most effectively introduce Him to their fellows.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Religion is something that occurs at eleven o'clock Sunday morning! Such a notion, and it is to be feared some people have it, is for-

ever dissipated by a little attention to the Sermon on the mount. It is then discovered that religion is not a stated service, but a life.

. . . This life begins in a discovery of personal destitution—the conscious discrepancy between the mean real and the heavenly ideal of life. The person so affected becomes a child—self-oblivious, asking, seeking and willing to learn, and so gains admission to the kingdom. . . . There is a ministry of sorrow from which no one dares wish himself exempt. The Comforter transposes all our dead marches into hallelujah choruses. . . .

True meekness is no despicable quality—on the contrary something admirable. It implies heroic self-control under provocation. It conquers in the end. The meekness of the martyrs overturned Rome itself. . . . The sharp, important physical senses of hunger and thirst are next used to describe the resolute temper of mind which succeeds in religion as it does in other things. . . . The subject of the kingdom of heaven addresses himself in practical and merciful service for others. And mercy gets mercy by the inviolable operation of moral law. . . . The ceremonially pure could enter the temple. But the really pure in thought and purpose need no temple. They have the vision of God everywhere. . . . Strange as it may seem, a fierce battle was fought on the very ground where Jesus had said 'Blessed are the peace-makers,' and one of the contending armies bore His emblem and were called Christians. The last of the Crusaders perished there. This very perversion of the doctrine of Christ helps emphasize the truth of it. Jesus taught non-resistance, and all the wars which have been waged in His name are so many crimes committed in His name. . . . 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake' is the general of which 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you' is the particular—and thus ends the 'Octave of the Beatitudes.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 4.—Topic—What is true happiness? The worldly idea; the Christian idea. Luke vi., 20-26; I. John ii., 12-17; II. Cor. vi., 10; Phil. iv., 4-7. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.**A WRONG REASON FOR WRONG-DOING.**

Monday, Feb. 26.—God's command. I. Sam. xv., 1-3.
 Tuesday, Feb. 27.—Saul's disobedience. I. Sam. xv., 4-9.
 Wednesday, Feb. 28.—What Samuel said. I. Sam. xv., 10-23.
 Thursday, Mar. 1.—Why Adam did wrong. Gen. iii., 11, 12.
 Friday, Mar. 2.—Why Aaron did wrong. Ex. xxxii., 21-24.
 Saturday, Mar. 3.—Men who would not do wrong. Dan. iii., 18.
 Sunday, Mar. 4.—Topic—Doing wrong to please others. I. Sam. xv., 24. (Consecration meeting.)

Half a Century of Sunday School Teaching.

A talk with Mr. A. J. Scrutton, President of the London Sunday School Union, by 'M,' in the 'Sunday School Chronicle.'

(Concluded.)

'You would really be like a minister to his congregation, only more intimate?'

'Just so. It was only in this way that I was able to suit my teaching to their needs.' 'Some of your lads have done well in life, I understand?'

'Yes, very well indeed. One young fellow, the son of a billiard-marker, had practically no home. He is master of a large school in England now, a deacon in the church, and has a family doing well. There are many other cases I could name, but I must not weary you.'

'Did you not find that at a certain period your young lads have intellectual difficulties in regard to religion?'

'So much so that they instituted a class

for the discussion of religious matters. It was really a kind of mutual improvement society. But I did not encourage trying to argue about atheism. I tried to guide them in their reading, however, and gave them books which I judged would be helpful to them.'

'Do you believe in always dealing with a class with an eye to bringing them to a personal decision for Christ, or would you content yourself to build up a foundation of spiritual knowledge, trusting that the change would take place without direct dealing?'

'I believe in the first attitude. This aim should be before the mind continually. It is the chief end of your work, and, for my own part, I never lost an opportunity of urging them to decision, and fellowship with a Christian Church.'

'Looking back upon all these years, Mr. Scrutton, and putting yourself in the position of a modern young man, do you feel that you would have any difficulty in choosing a life-work for your leisure again?'

'None at all. I would begin a class just now if I dared. The joy of it is so great, the benefit to myself so enormous.'

'Would you be in favor of making Sunday school teaching part of a minister's training, so that he would be able to teach his teachers?'

'Yes; I think that plan would be more feasible. There is no question of the need of training for the teacher's work. At the same time you must remember that when you have trained the ministers you have then to persuade the teachers to submit themselves to training.'

'I would give emphasis to the need of personal love for the class, without which there is nothing to be done. Unless you secure the child's love by loving it yourself, you can do very little; the power and influence over them come with the love.'

I have since this interview had an opportunity of looking over the note-books referred to by Mr. Scrutton, and they amply reveal the secret of his success as a teacher, and his enthusiasm for the work to which he has given the best hours of his life. Occupying a prominent and influential position on the Stock Exchange, Mr. Scrutton has found time, during the scant leisure of his busy life, to keep a set of books relating to his class as thoroughly as the majority of men keep their business accounts. He is a worthy example of a man not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

More Sunday School Workers Wanted.

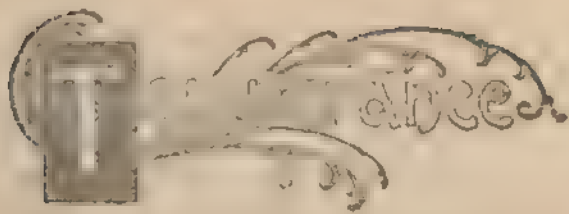
To be courageous like Joshua.
 To be self-reliant like Nehemiah.
 To be obedient like Abraham.
 To be persevering like Jacob.
 To be decisive like Moses.
 To be administrative like Solomon.
 To be above reproach like Daniel.
 To be long-suffering like Paul.
 To be self-disciplined like David.
 To be prayerful like Elijah.
 To be masters of passion like Joseph.
 To be bold like Peter.

Is the Bible 'Trained in the Dust?'

At sundown at an army post, when the American flag is lowered for the night, it rests upon the arms of soldiers, who carefully prevent its touching the ground. It is a lesson in reverence. In the Sunday school the Bible is sometimes found upon the floor, or carelessly stowed away under piles of papers or miscellaneous books. Reverence for the Book may be taught in Sunday school or in the home by a rule, invariably adhered to, that no book nor other object shall ever rest upon a copy of the Bible, and, of course, that the Bible shall never be left upon the floor.—'Sunday School Times.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.



Song.

(Composed by the Rev. Dr. Lilley for the Band of Hope.)

Air, 'Will ye no come back again?'

Children o' oor hopefu' Band,
Rally to your country's side:
By the Temperance banner stand,
Ring its message far and wide.

Will ye no let drink alane?
Will ye no let drink alane?
Better, wiser, ye wad be,
Will ye no let drink alane?

Mony a happy, peacefu' hame
Lies in ruin, bleak and bare,
Stains on mony an honest name
Aye the auld dark curse declare.
Will ye no, etc., etc.

See the drunkard's ragged wean
Shiverin' in his shoonless feet;
See his faither's waefu' mien,
As he staggers doon the street.
Will ye no, etc., etc.

In the prison's iron walls
Lingers lang the helpless sot,
While the tearfu' wife recalls
A' the anguish o' his lot.
Will ye no, etc., etc.

Shall our noble Scottish fame
Still endure the crimson stains?
No! we say with loud acclaim:
No! while love within us reigns.
Will ye no, etc., etc.

By your hate o' cruel wrang,
By the graves that round you lie,
Wake the echoes loud and lang,
Raise anew the pleading cry:
Will ye no, etc., etc.

Peter and Polly.

Peter was standing outside a corn and seed shop in the Walworth-road, his eyes fixed on something in the window. It was not dog biscuits, poultry mixtures, parrots' food, or bird seed that drew his attention. He was looking at a notice in the window—

'A Boy Wanted.'

His countenance continued changing from brightness to gloom and from gloom to brightness, indicating, of course, the workings of his mind. At last a beam of hope settled on his face.

'I'll hav another try,' and he walked into the shop.

Poor boy! Many a 'try' he had made that day and days before, but all his trials had ended in failure and disappointment. Boys were wanted in the Walworth-road, in Newington Butts, and the Borough, but nobody wanted him. Some laughed and others sneered at his applications. In fact, not a single person could be found from London Bridge to Camberwell Green who would take Peter Small seriously. His eyes were red from tears as he looked in at the window of the corn shop, but at sight of the notice he plucked up courage once more.

'I'll hev aither try,' and in he walked.

Behind the counter of the corn shop was a short, fat little man with a face like a full moon. Not by any means an unpleasant face, for it gave little Peter a kindly smile.

'Well, young nipper, what may you be after?'

'You wants a boy, sir, please, and I wants a place,' and Peter spoke boldly.

The man burst into a hearty laugh. 'You speaks accordin' to your size, I must say. But what do you call yerself, a boy or a baby?' and again he laughed, but not unkindly.

'If you please, sir, I shall be fourteen

years next month,' said Peter, nothing abashed.

'Oh! oh! gettin' on in years, I see; but what have you been doin' with yerself all these fourteen years to get no higher up in the world than four feet?'

'I couldn't help it, sir; but, an' please, sir, I'm four foot six,' and Peter stretched himself to his utmost extent.

'Well, you can't afford to lose six inches,' and the corn man laughed again. 'What's yer name?'

'Peter Small, sir.'

'Capital!' and again the corn man laughed.

'Well, then, Peter Small, or small Peter, for either 'll do; stand out in the middle o' the shop an' let me take yer measurements.'

He took a slate that was hanging near and wrote down—

'Peter Small. Height, 4ft. 6in.; age 14; face and hands clean; hair combed; clothes neatly patched; shoes home mended; bright-eyed, honest looking.' Then turning to Peter,

'Where do yer father an' mother live?'

'Ain't got none, sir.'

'Humph! Who looks after you?'

'Sister Polly, sir.'

'Where does Polly live?'

'With me, sir.'

'Oh! Who knows you?'

'My teacher at th' mission school, sir, Mr. Bond, as is at th' City Bank up th' road.'

'Good; reference to banker; who else knows you?'

'Th' policeman in our yard, sir.'

'Humph! Known to th' police.'

He looked at the boy for a moment and then spoke again.

'Had any dinner, Peter?'

'Not to-day, sir.'

The corn man then called through a tube to his wife below stairs.

'Mrs. Great, a gentleman to dinner. Please come up,' then chuckling to himself, 'That'll give th' dear soul a fit.'

Presently heavy footsteps could be heard ascending; the door softly opened and a head appeared.

'Sammy, Sammy, who is it?' in a loud whisper.

'Come forward, Mrs. Great, and allow me to introduce you to Mr. Peter Small, an applicant for the vacant post in our establishment.'

'My, Sammy; how you did frighten me!' as, after looking round the shop, she caught sight of little Peter meekly standing in the middle. 'Is it this little mite as wants a place? Well, I'm sure he wants his dinner, so come downstairs, Peter, and we'll find something to eat.'

'That's right, my dear; and while you're attending to his appetite down there I'll attend to his measurements up here, and turn the whole matter over in my mind.'

Down in the kitchen Peter had placed before him a good dinner of meat, vegetables, and bread, with a small jug of ale; and the good woman sat in her chair watching the viands disappear with evident satisfaction, but she noticed that the ale remained untasted.

'You don't drink yer ale, Peter.'

'If you please ma'am, I'd rather not.'

'Massy on us!' she exclaimed, lifting her hands in astonishment. 'Why, th' boys I've had down here would have emptied the jug an' called for more by this time. I'm sure you looks as if a drop would do you good. Now, Peter, drink it up, boy.'

'I'd rather not, ma'am, please, in a low voice, but quite firmly.

'Massy on us! What is to be done?' And apparently in deep concern she went to the speaking tube and called to her husband.

'Sammy, here's a Lunnon boy as refused the ale! What is to be done, Sammy?'

'Put him in a glass case and send him to th' British Museum, or I can show him in the window. He'll make our fortunes, an' not take up much room.'

Years ago a London street boy who would refuse a jug of ale when offered him would be a much greater rarity than now, and the astonishment of the corn man and his wife is not surprising. They sincerely thought that ale was a good thing, and almost as necessary as their daily bread. Years after they entertained very different opinions. 'He'll make our fortunes' was of course spoken in jest, but words spoken in jest have ere

now turned out to be true prophecies. We must not, however, anticipate.

'Now, just tell me, Peter, how it is as you comes to refuse a drop o' good ale.'

'We promised our mother, ma'am, Polly an' me did, afore she died, as we'd never take no beer nor anythink o' th' kind. Our mother was a wictim, ma'am, she was. Drink killed her, ma'am, an' killed our father as well. If they hadn't bin such boozers Polly an' me wouldn't be so short as we be now, so th' doctor says, ma'am. So Polly an' me ain't goin' ever to take anythink like ale or gin as long as we lives, ma'am. I hopes you ain't offended, ma'am.'

'No, no, Peter; I ain't offended, only I don't see how you can work so as to get a livin' without some good ale.'

'I never seems to want any beer, ma'am, but we very often wants some vittels, do Polly an' me; but as soon as I can find a place Polly shall never want no more, ma'am, as long as I lives,' and there was a choking in his throat as he uttered the last sentence; the suspicion of a tear was also seen in the motherly eye of the corn man's wife.

'I expect th' master 'll want you up in th' shop now, an' here's a mutton pie for you to take home to Polly, for I do believe as you're a good boy; that I do, now.'

Peter's face was beaming with joy as he tucked the little parcel under his arm and walked upstairs, for a kindness to Polly was a double kindness to himself.

'Well, young nipper, I've been lookin' over your measurements, an' they seem fairly correct. Then about not taking th' ale; I've bin thinkin' that over, too. An' it comes to my mind as I've had a good many boys here at one time an' another as have all took ale, some more an' some less. The less they took the better they seemed to get on. I've had to sack some for takin' too much, but never had to sack one for takin' too little. So why shouldn't I try one as takes none at all?'

'I'm very much obliged, sir.'

'Don't be too fast, Peter; I shan't say anything now, but tell that policeman to look in to-night when he's off duty; in the meantime I shall look in at the City Bank and inquire as to your account. References to his banker and a bobby!' and the corn man laughed at the idea. 'You can call again to-morrow at ten o'clock, Peter, and bring Polly with you. I want to see Polly.'

Probably some of our young readers may by this time desire also to see Polly, so we will follow the little brother to Barton's-yard and have just a glimpse of Peter and Polly at home.

In a cheerless garret lived these two, enduring day by day the greatest privations, and yet, but for the drink which brought their parents to ruin and death they might have been living in a comfortable home, if not surrounded by luxury, supplied at least with all the necessities of life. In the garret they lived, but never in mansion or palace existed there a stronger love between brother and sister.

Peter entered the yard and rushed upstairs to the garret.

'Look 'ere, Polly,' handing her the pie.

'Oh! Peter, you havn't bin an'—No I know you havn't, because you couldn't; but where did you get it?'

'You eat it while I tell yer, Polly.'

Polly waited not for a second invitation, for she was hungry, and ate away while Peter told her what transpired at the corn man's.

'Oh! Peter, how nice the pie is, and how nice everything is. Let us pray.'

It is unnecessary to say that Peter's interview with the corn man on the following morning was in every respect satisfactory, and at the same time the corn man's wife took a marvellous fancy to Polly. In less than six months the corn man says that Peter will in time prove to be his right hand. The corn man's wife says she wants a right hand too, the result being that very shortly we find both Peter and Polly domiciled in Walworth-road.

In less than five years they are treated and acknowledged as the adopted son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Great. And if you are inclined for a walk down Walworth-road you will see what an excellent business is now being carried on by Great and Small, corn merchants and seedsmen.—'Temperance Record.'

HOUSEHOLD.

A New Little Girl in Heaven

'Oh, what do you think the angels say?'
Said the children up in heaven.
'There's a dear little girl coming home to-day
She's almost ready to fly away
From the world we used to live in.
Let's go and open the gates of pearl,
Open them wide for the new little girl,'
Said the children up in heaven.

'God wanted her here, where His little ones
meet,'
Said the children up in heaven.
'She'll play with us in the golden street;
She has grown too fair, she has grown too
sweet;
She needs the sunshine, this dear little girl,
That gilds this side of the gates of pearl,'
Said the children up in heaven.

'So the King called down from the angels'
dome.
Said the children up in heaven.
'My little darling, arise and come
To the place prepared in thy Father's Home,
To the home my children live in,'
Let's go and watch at the gates of pearl,
Ready to welcome this new little girl,'
Said the children up in heaven.

'Far down on the earth, do you hear them
weep?'
Said the children up in heaven.
'For the dear little girl has gone to sleep;
The shadows fall, and the night clouds sweep
O'er the earth we used to live in;
But we'll go and open the gates of pearl.
Oh, why do they weep for their dear little
girl?'
Said the children up in heaven.

'Fly with her quick, O angels dear!'
Said the children up in heaven.
'See, she's coming. Look there! Look there!
At the jasper light on her sunny hair.
Where the veiling clouds are riven!'
Ah! hush-hush-hush, all the swift wings furl,
For the King himself at the gates of pearl
Is taking her hand, dear tired little girl,
Said the children up in heaven.
—Selected.

A New Class of Nurses.

A comparatively new occupation for young women has been opened recently under the name of convalescent nursing. The idea is not to enter into competition or rivalry with the professional nurses, so-called, but rather to supplement the work of the professional class, or fill a place which they do not or cannot well fill. The trained nurse has come to be a regular and recognized feature in the hospital service and wherever else sick and suffering humanity is to be found, and her calling ranks almost as high now in the public regard as the medical profession itself. In all critical cases the services of a trained nurse are considered absolutely indispensable. But nurses of this order are required to go through a course of special training in schools and hospitals lasting through a period of three or four years and involving a great deal of expense. Their rates, therefore, are necessarily high, so much so as to be quite prohibitive to the majority of people and within the reach of many others for only a brief period of time. Professional nurses are often retained only through the critical stages of a case or a surgical case, although good nursing of a kind is very much needed all through the subsequent convalescent stage, which may extend over weeks or months. It is not a high degree of technical skill which is required during this period so much as a general knowledge of the art of nursing and the little attentions and caretaking which every convalescent needs to insure the speediest return to full health. It is just here that the usefulness and availability of the convalescent nurse, the new class, comes in. The required training for this service extends over only eight weeks, the expense for preparation is correspondingly small, and the rates correspondingly low, being only about one-third that charged by the professionals.—*Leslie's Weekly.*

The Celebrated
Epps's Cocoa

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its natural qualities intact.
This excellent Cocoa main-
tains the system in robust
health, and enables it to resist
winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious
and Economical.

A Remedy Cupboard.

In every house where there are children there should be a remedy cupboard. I do not mean the ordinary medicine chest, with innumerable bottles huddled together, but a well stocked emergency cupboard, easy of access, and containing simple remedies for the many aches and pains of childhood. No household is conducted without an occasional accident, and a bruise, a burn, or an ugly cut are all of frequent occurrence where there are children. If there is a place where one can always find some soft medicated cotton, bandages of different widths, absorbent gauze, and a bottle of some antiseptic solution, it will prevent the frantic running about when such articles are needed and save the little sufferer many throbs of pain. To be thoroughly satisfactory, the emergency cupboard must be kept in perfect order and systematically arranged. For instance, in one compartment keep the every-day remedies for coughs and colds, such as quinine, listerine for gargling, croup kettle, atomizer, and a compress and flannel bandages.—*Trained Motherhood.*

Selected Recipes.

ROYAL SALLY LUNN MUFFINS.—One quart flour, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, one tablespoonful lard, one egg, one and a quarter pints milk. Sift together flour, sugar, salt and powder; rub in lard cold; add egg, beaten, and milk; mix into rather firm batter; muffin pans must be cold and well greased; then fill two-thirds full. Bake in hot oven fifteen minutes.

APPLE FRITTERS.—May be served as a vegetable or as a meat course, or with a sweet sauce for dessert. To make them, peel and core the apples and cut them in thick rings; mix together two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon and the juice of a large lemon. Cover the apples with the mixture and let them stand half an hour, then dip into a fritter batter in very hot fat.

MOCK FISH.—When a very little girl I remember one day I went with my little brother fishing—his first experience with rod and line.

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

Publishers, Montreal.

I shall never forget how elated we were over the two little fish we were so lucky to catch that balmy spring afternoon. Of course, one was to be fried for him and one was to be for the two-year-old baby boy, too little to toddle along with us. But when supper appeared on the table mother had a plate full of 'mock fish,' she said. We were so hungry that they were as keenly enjoyed with our nice bread and butter as if we all had plenty of fish instead of salt pork. She had cut the fat bacon into thin strips, floured it and fried it, and though I've tried it a great many times, I have never succeeded in making such an appetizing dish out of fat meat as my 'mother used to make.' But recently I learned a way to fry this from a Southern house-keeper. Cut slices of fat pork, streaked with lean; let stand over night with water sweetened with molasses to cover it, and sprinkled on top with black pepper and powdered sage. Next morning cut thin and fine a tablespoonful of onion, and fry a golden brown in hot butter. Dip the slices of salt pork in meal, so that both sides will be thickly coated, and fry to a light brown. Try it for breakfast. When you have fish to fry, roll them in meal instead of flour.

DON'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE

read about our excellent premiums yet, or you would have been keener to get them. We notice that if any one earns one of these premiums, others in the same neighborhood after seeing them 'get down to business,' with the result that we send more premiums to that locality. No mistake about it, the premiums are worth earning. Money refunded if premiums are not as described and are immediately returned. If you have been a subscriber any length of time you will take our word for it.

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All business communications should be addressed 'John
Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be
addressed 'Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

JUBILEE LETTERS.

Kilmarnock, Ont., Feb. 2.

Dear Sirs,—Although a little late with my congratulations upon the jubilee of the 'Witness,' I thought I must add my testimony with the many others. I have been a subscriber to your admirable paper for twenty-five years. I am pleased to say that it is a paper I can recommend to one and all. Wishing you every success, I remain yours,

W. R. McCaw.

Minnedosa, Man., Jan. 27.

Dear Sirs,—The 'Witness' has been a welcome visitor in our home since its first issue. At the time it came out, my father was a subscriber, and he continued to be one so long as he could read, while I, as his youngest son, became a subscriber as soon as I had a home of my own, and could not bear to do without it. I take other papers, and very good ones, but there is none that can compare with the dear old 'Witness.'

Yours sincerely,

THOS. TURNER.

Alma, P.E.I., Feb. 2.

Dear Sir,—Words fail me to convey to you the esteem and regard I have for the 'Witness.' I have been a constant reader of it for nearly thirty years. As a family paper it is without a rival in the Dominion, and its columns are ever filled with rich stores of knowledge of a priceless character. It has proved itself in the past to be a potential force in its advocacy of every movement that had for its object the uplifting of humanity. It has ever condemned the fierce struggle for place, power and pelf and corruption of every kind, and its noble efforts put forth for the propagation of temperance principles will no doubt receive a just reward, and have been beyond all praise, and its loyalty to British institutions and to the flag that has braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years has filled the hearts and minds of its readers with profound respect and admiration. Long may the 'Witness,' the greatest of Canadian papers, exist for the propagation of civil and religious liberty. Ever yours in the bonds of love and fidelity.

W. S. CLARK.

Riviere du Loup, Feb. 6.

Dear Sirs,—After the Bible in my missionary trips comes the 'Witness,' the instructive and well informed friend.

Yours truly,

L. ABRAM.

Thedford, Ont., Feb. 8.

Dear Sirs,—I wish to add my word of appreciation to the many you are receiving from the host of your readers and friends upon this your Diamond Jubilee. The 'Witness' has been a constant weekly visitor in our home for forty years, and it would be impossible to do without it. May it long continue, as it has been, the advocate of purity, righteousness and truth. May it prosper as it deserves, and success always attend its efforts in the cause of right. Your sincere well-wisher,

MURDOCH McDONALD.

Iroquois, Ont., Feb. 10.

Gentlemen,—I join most heartily in congratulations on your reaching the Diamond Jubilee of publication. For about thirty-eight years the 'Witness' has been a welcome and much appreciated educational force in our family. Its influence has been healthful and helpful in the development of moral character and Christian citizenship. Yours truly,

GEO. ROGERS.

Ponoka, Alta., Jan. 31.

Having been a reader of the 'Witness' for over fifty years, I am in very hearty sympathy with the numerous testimonies that mark your Diamond Jubilee. Yours truly,

GEO. EDWARDS.

St. Mary's, Ont., Feb. 25.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—When a student in Old McGill and the Presbyterian College I became acquainted with the 'Witness.' I was then deeply impressed with its manly independence and lofty moral tone. Notwithstanding that the 'Witness' reaches us here a day late, yet we cannot do without it. It always contains much not found elsewhere. With your many friends we join in hearty congratulations and trust your bow may long abide in strength. Yours very sincerely,

(REV.) A. J. McWILLIAMS.

Dear Friends

Our subscribers are delighted with our premiums this year—those who have secured them write most enthusiastically.

Clayton, Ont., Feb. 5, 1906.

Sirs,—I received the lace curtain that you sent me and am very much pleased with it, considering what little trouble I had getting the subscribers. I always weary for Saturday night to come to get the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading it so much.

Yours truly,

JEANTTE KELLOUGH.

West Royalty, P.E.I., Feb. 8, 1906.

Dear Editor,—I received the stereoscope in good order that you sent me. I am very much pleased with it, and thank you very much for it, and hope there will be more little boys try to get one. I am ten years old and have one sister and no brothers. We live near the North River, and have great fun skating this winter.

CYRUS PICKARD.

Those who have not yet asked others to join them in subscribing for the 'Messenger' should lose no time. Look over the list of premiums and start at once. The wording of our offers has been made more explicit since last week. The larger premiums are quickly earned when two or three members of a family share in the slight effort, and the best of it is that although we are glad to recognize such service by giving premiums to all those who secure clubs on the conditions explained under each premium, we know that everyone who knows the 'Northern Messenger' takes genuine satisfaction in extending its circulation and influence.

Our Diamond Jubilee.

This being the sixtieth year of our existence as a publishing house, we are hoping that each subscriber will introduce the 'Messenger' into one or more home, or to a Sunday-school superintendent for distribution in his school. We have already sixty thousand subscribers—say over a quarter of a million readers every week—the largest circulation of any family religious paper in the Dominion. There are nearly three and a half million copies of the 'Northern Messenger' printed every year, carrying cheer and encouragement to every home—and yet many families and Sunday-schools have, perhaps, not even heard of the 'Messenger.' The new comers in each locality are not known to us.

But You Know Them,

and we hope you will at least show them the 'Messenger' and tell them how good it is, and at how low a price they can obtain it. Try to send us at least three subscriptions before another week passes. The price for one subscription is forty cents, but we accept one dollar in full payment for four subscriptions individually addressed, three of which must be new; or two dollars for a club of ten to one address for Sunday School distribution. But see our premium offers and take advantage of them. We can heartily recommend them to you. We are working up to the point of a hundred thousand copies each week. We feel sure that you agree with us that the 'Northern Messenger' should be in every English-speaking home.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

JUBILEE LETTERS.

Bethlehem Parsonage,
Westmount, Que., Jan. 26.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—In enclosing my subscription for 'World Wide' I want to in a word express my appreciation of its worth. It is one of the most valued journals that come to my desk. I know of no other that does what it does and does it as well. I wish also to offer my congratulations on the occasion of your jubilee. Your daily has in all its honored history been perhaps the most powerful and wholesome factor in forming and fostering Canadian public opinion. Both here in the East and in the Far West I have found the 'Witness' to be regarded as our highest type of journalism. True to high ideals it has done much for Canada by steadily refusing to allow the moral importance of its work to become subservient to mere commercial interest. It is a great thing to know that we have one great 'Daily' that refuses to allow business interests to dictate the policy of the paper, insisting that it shall be dictated by the principles of right. I congratulate you upon the great good you have accomplished, and trust that the 'Witness' may long continue to occupy first place among Canadian dailies. Faithfully yours,

WM. MUNROE.

Portage, Wis., Feb. 2, 1906.

Gentlemen,—I have been a reader of the 'Witness' a good many years. My eyesight is failing me and makes it hard for me to read the 'Witness.' Still, I do not like to give it up and I enclose subscription for the 'Weekly Witness' for another year. I am glad to see so many leading men testifying to its usefulness. Yours respectfully,

JAMES STEWART.

Southwyn, Man., Jan. 27.

Dear Sirs,—Allow me to extend my best wishes for your continued success. Like many others of your readers, I was brought up on the 'Witness.' So highly was it esteemed in our home we were never allowed to tear a 'Witness,' and so closely clings the habit that in my own home the same rule is adhered to. I always recommend it to parents as being a paper they can safely give to their children and fear no contamination. And in these days of flashy journalism, that fact speaks volumes. Your sincere friend,

(MRS.) A. MORRISON.

Owen Sound, Ont., Feb. 6.

Gentlemen,—Allow me to congratulate you on this the jubilee year of your publication of the 'Witness.' This is the twenty-second year of our subscription. We should feel lonely without it, and expect a continual advance in the years yet to come. Yours with best wishes,

O. J. SHOWELL.

Pointe Claire, Feb. 4.

Gentlemen,—I have read the 'Witness' for more than thirty years, every evening, and take this opportunity to express my high sense of appreciation of its value as a family paper, giving also current events in an attractive way, and omitting disgusting details, which, unfortunately, is so commonly introduced in many papers. May the 'Witness' long continue its good influence in a wider circle, and prosper financially for its further usefulness. Yours sincerely,

O. F. LILLY.

Sea View, P. E. I., Jan. 29, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—Allow me with hosts of others to congratulate you on the occasion of your Diamond Jubilee. I have read the 'Witness' and other of your publications since childhood, and now, when my children are leaving home I like to send them some of your publications. I consider the 'Witness' the best family paper to mould the young mind in the principles of temperance, truth and righteousness. Long may the 'Witness' live and exert a healthful influence over our fair Dominion, and may your subscription list daily increase. Yours truly,

C. DONALD.

Windsor, N.S., Jan. 25.

Gentlemen,—You will find enclosed P. O. order for the amount of my subscription for 'World Wide' for another year. Allow me to say that I have seldom read to better purpose than in weekly perusing 'World Wide,' and I wish it the success such a paper deserves. Yours sincerely,

THOMAS B. SMITH.

SPECIAL DIAMOND JUBILEE CLUB OFFERS.

We want each reader to send us one of the clubs below.

If each reader accomplished this, and we are sure it is possible to almost everyone—then our publications would have the largest circulation of any in the Dominion, and we would make a number of improvements without delay—improvements that each reader would immediately recognize and appreciate.

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" " " " 'World Wide,' 'Weekly Witness' and 'Northern Messenger,'	" \$2.90	" \$2.20

SAMPLES FREE—Agents and Club Raisers will get further information and samples on application.

NOTE.—These rates will be subject to our usual postal regulations, as follows:—**POSTAGE INCLUDED** for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Barbadoes, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hongkong, Cyprus; also to the United States, Hawaiian Islands and Philippine Islands. **POSTAGE EXTRA** to all countries not named in the foregoing list, as follows: 'Daily Witness,' \$3.50 extra; 'Weekly Witness,' \$1 extra; 'Northern Messenger,' \$1.50 extra; 'World Wide,' subscription price, including postage to foreign countries, only \$1.50.

Note Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between these and the above club rate to cover their expenses.

Note—One's own subscription does not count in this offer because it does not require canvassing.

Note—Those working for other premiums will not benefit by these offers.

Note—To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than three or four subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day.

OUR RED LETTER COLORED PLATE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.

These Bibles would appear to be good value at four dollars each

If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

NOTE.—Sunday-School Clubs for the 'Messenger' will not count under this offer because they are not secured individually; because usually no one in particular is properly entitled to the premium; and because they are generally large, and to include them would only discourage those working up small individual lists. Neither will remittances count from news agents, from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications.

Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above Club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions and fifty percent (one half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending five dollars or more at a time.

NOTE.—New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

The Thrifty Housewife.

The thrifty housewife is not the poor woman who spends her life indoors trying with might and main to make many dollars' worth of work and worry to save a few cents. She is quite another variety of economist. She goes out and around, mingles with people who are apt to have ideas newer and fresher than her own. She is not too proud to adopt the theories of others if they are better than her own, and she seeks advice and peeps at the point of view of other women even if she does not entirely accept them. She considers health, physical, mental, and moral, the only thing in the world worth worrying about, and refuses to lose sleep or appetite over trifles. She keeps her servants as long as she can, but if they go she does not wear sackcloth and ashes. Restaurants, hotels, charwomen, and patience she considers better substitutes for servants than the mistress wearing out her clothes, nerves and youth cooking meals for a hungry household. The truly thrifty woman is a creature endowed with logic and common-sense whose price is far above rubies. She knows how to take care of herself so well she seldom needs to be taken care of. She does not work herself to death for ten years and then remain a helpless invalid for twenty. She keeps young, and her home is as attractive to her husband on his silver wedding day as it was when he and his bride entered it together for the first time.—New York 'Commercial Advertiser.'

Oilcloths should be wet as seldom as possible, and will keep clean and bright for a long time if rubbed with a flannel cloth and a little linseed oil. When necessary to wash, use a soft cloth and tepid water to which milk has been added. A coat of coach varnish applied every spring will make them look like new, and last much longer. They should be washed before varnishing, and not stepped on till dry.

SUBSCRIBERS SECURING OUR DAILY JUBILEE AWARD

14th Week

ENDING FEBRUARY 10,

84th Bible

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

The list of successful club raisers for the week ending Saturday, February 10.

Monday, Feb. 5.—J. P. Patterson, Hamilton,	Thursday, Feb. 8.—C. Watson, Guelph, Ont.
Tuesday, Feb. 6.—Rev. J. A. Lackey, Chelsea,	Friday, Feb. 9.—Mary A. Weidrich, Nanticoke,
Wednesday, Feb. 7.—D. Montgomery, Alber-	Saturday, Feb. 10.—A. Campbell, P.M., New
ton, P.E.I.	London, P.E.I.

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles free, besides their commission.

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the 'Northern Messenger,' or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

*Who will be the successful subscriber next week?
for conditions see "Special Diamond Jubilee Offers" above.*

Dear Sirs,—I received your beautiful red letter Bible, for which I am truly thankful. I think the 4,500 questions and answers at the back adds very much to its value. I think they are a great help to the general reader. I am glad to see you are receiving so many kind words in praise of the 'Witness.' It is worthy of them all. Allow me to heartily endorse all the good things that have been said. Wishing you the very best success, I am, respectfully your,

HENRY WALKER.

Jubilee Appreciations.

Chelsea, Que., Feb. 5.

Dear Sirs,—I rejoice with you and your many friends that God has preserved for sixty years the life of the 'Witness' to be his witness for righteousness, temperance and judgment. I could wish that all his ministering servants (myself among the number) were as faithful witnesses, along these three lines as are your publications. The 'Witness' wastes no words. In it one has not to wade through heaps of rubbish to find what is really important, as in many journals of the present day. When I am very busy I read your column, 'News in brief,' and your editorials, and when I have done so, I consider I am fairly well posted on current events. I also like to read the religious part of your papers because I know you practice what you preach. In reading most other newspapers I slip over the religious department because I feel there is no sincerity behind it, being published alongside of prize fights, whiskey advertisements and such like.

Wishing that the 'Witness' publications may long continue to be blessed and made a blessing, I remain, yours faithfully,

J. A. LACKEY,
Anglican minister.

New Glasgow, N.S., Jan. 28.

Dear 'Witness',—Amidst all the congratulations pouring in upon you in connection with your jubilee, I cannot remain silent. You are such a part of our home life, have been for more than half your existence, that I feel we are rejoicing on our own behalf when we congratulate you on your great attainments. 'The Montreal 'Witness' is your gospel,' says a youthful scion of the family. It is about the best gospel Canada can produce, and if its future proves what its past has been I know of no better uninspired guide for this same youth than its pages can afford, if he means to be a true Canadian. Sincerely yours,

(Miss) C. E. CARMICHAEL.

St. Andrew's East, Que.

Dear Sirs,—It affords me great pleasure to add my congratulations to the many that are coming to you at this season, and to express my sincere wishes for the future prosperity of your deservedly esteemed publication, the 'Witness.'

C. S. MacMARTIN.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 7.

Gentlemen,—I enclose you herewith post-office order in payment for the 'Daily Witness' for the ensuing year. Its coming is daily welcomed not only because of its clean and wholesome news items, but also because of the fair way in which world politics are discussed in its editorial columns. A paper which has had such a long record and which has maintained such a high standing in the midst of prevalent newspaper corruption, amply merits the support of every loyal citizen of any country. The position you have always taken on the great social and national issues is worthy of the highest commendation.

Yours truly,

W. T. JACKMAN,
Teacher.

Bedford, Que., Feb. 6.

Dear Sirs,—I am glad of an opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the 'Witness.' It has been in our family for more than ten years, and although during that time we have had other daily papers, it has been, and is still the favorite among them all. We would not like to think of doing without it now. Sincerely yours,

(MISS) C. L. STEVENS,
(Teacher.)

Athens, Ont., Feb. 6.

Dear Sirs,—Allow me to join with your multitude of friends in expressing my high appreciation of the 'Witness.' I have read the 'Daily Witness' regularly for more than thirty years, and have never lost interest in it. It is a safe household paper.

THE REV. S. J. HUGHES, M.A.

Leamington, Ont., Feb. 2.

Dear Sirs,—I have read the 'Witness' for a good many years and I should be sorry to go without it now. I like the 'Witness' because it is a clean paper. Best wishes and success to you in your endeavor. Yours truly,

E. NORMAN, (Teacher.)

Chapter I. What a few Journalists Have Said.

" II. " " Ministers Have Said.

III—What Leading Educationists are Saying.

DR. PETERSON,

Principal of McGill University.

'Every one knows the high principles on which the 'Witness' is conducted.'

THE REV. W. I. SHAW, D.D., LL.D.,

Principal of the Wesleyan Theological College.

'The "Witness" and I have not always agreed, but as one of its readers for 33 years I have never failed to appreciate its honest independence, its editorial ability, and its defense of all that is purest and best in public and social life.'

THE REV. JOHN SCRIMGER, D.D.,

Principal of the Presbyterian College.

'Canada owes a debt of obligation to the "Witness" which it will never be able to repay, however prosperous the paper might become, for the persistent way in which it has held up the highest and worthiest ideals of life and duty, even when the majority have been unwilling to listen.'

REV. E. I. REXFORD, D.D., LL.D.,

Principal of the Diocesan Theological College.

The 'Witness' has many excellent characteristics as a family newspaper which make it a welcome guest in thoughtful homes; but among them there is one which appears to me to be of supreme importance at the present time—namely, that the editorial columns of the 'Witness' impress you with the fact that they set forth the honest, personal convictions of one who has given careful thought to the subject, you may not agree with his viewpoint, you may question the correctness of his judgment, but you are compelled to feel that the conclusions are determined not by expediency, not by commercial consideration, but by personal convictions.

It is the prayer of good citizens that the 'Witness' may long continue to be a power and blessing in the land.

THE REV. E. MUNSON HILL, D.D.,

Principal of the Congregational College of Canada.

It does the city good to see that a paper with your principles and methods can live 60 years, and gain ground all the time. The country needs you. I have read the "Witness" for 22 years because I have seen you trying, untrammelled by subsidies, to use the potent forces of the daily press to lead public opinion as well as to report it. You have tried to make unrighteousness ashamed of itself, whether in high influential life or in low.

THE REV. E. M. TAYLOR, M.A.,

School Inspector, Knowlton, Que.

I have always felt that the 'Witness' has stood valiantly for what you conceived to be the good and the true. I know that the spirit of self-sacrifice has characterized the editorial management through these many years. In some of the schools under my inspection I have found the portrait of the venerated founder of the 'Witness' neatly framed and placed near that of our late Queen Victoria.

S. P. ROBINS, LL.D., D.C.L.,

Principal of the McGill Normal School for Teachers.

As a family paper I value it highly. Its editorial summaries of passing events are judicious and thoughtful. The frankly Christian tone of the paper and its resolute stand for right, irrespective of varied creeds and of political parties, merit and have won my admiring respect.

What do you think of it?

What avails such opinion unless you also have become a subscriber? The following coupon will help you. We want five thousand new subscribers to send their subscriptions during February.

Jubilee Coupon Offer.

Good if used within ten days of receipt of this issue.

THE 'WITNESS' ON TRIAL TO JAN. 1st, 1907,

for only 50 cents.

Any reader of the 'Messenger' who has never before taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness,' may have the 'WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD' to January 1st, 1907, by cutting out this Coupon and sending it with Fifty Cents addressed to

Messrs. JOHN DODDALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.
Dear Sirs—As a reader of the 'Messenger' who has neither taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness' before, nor for two years, I am entitled to your trial offer of the 'WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD' to January 1st, 1907, at the Special Rate of 50 cents enclosed herewith.
NAME
ADDRESS

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Those who cannot complete the 'Messenger' club required for any of the following premiums may still secure the premium desired by sending what 'Messenger' subscriptions they have taken at forty cents each, and 25 cents additional cash, instead of each subscription they are short of the required number. Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

"DIN."

The New Game DIN



Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard. The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game. Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who send \$1.00 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.



A Trip Around the World

BY MEANS OF

Laughable, Interesting and Beautiful Colored Views.

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangement with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a patent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us \$4.00 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers.

OUTFIT NO. 2.—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope. For us given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lenses used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or

the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.

'The Farmer'—The Story of Jacob.

'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.

'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.

'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.

'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.

'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.

'The Boy Who Would be King'—The Story of Absalom.

'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.

'The Boy Jesus.'

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2 1/2 x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2 1/2 x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the coloring. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number send 25c cash. That if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under eight pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlook edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 60 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archbishop Farrar, D.D., for children, and its many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers has proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet Story of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book, post paid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.



NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 34 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlook edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40c each.